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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

(Continued from last week.)

Remarks of Mrs. Gage.

Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE said—I have read speeches and heard a great deal said upon the right of suffrage for the freedmen. What does it mean? Does it mean the male freedman, only, or does it mean the freedwoman also? I was glad to hear the voice of Miss Anthony in behalf of the right of her sex. I know it is said that this is bringing in a new issue. We must bring in new issues. I sat in the Senate Chamber last Winter, and heard Charles Sumner's grand speech, which the whole country applauded; and I heard him declare that taxation without representation was tyranny to the freedman. When I afterwards found that he meant only tyranny to the male sex, I learned that Charles Sumner fell far short of the great idea of liberty.

I know something of the freedwomen of the South. Maria—I do not know that she had any other name—when liberated from slavery, at Beaufort, went to work and before the year was out, she had laid up a thousand dollars,—I never heard of any Southern white making a thousand dollars in a year down there. Shall Maria pay a tax and have no voice? Old Betty, while under my charge, cleared more than the amount free from taxation, and I presume is worth $3,000 to-day. Is she to be taxed in South Carolina to support its aristocracy? Will you be just, or will you be partial to the end of time?

The marriage relation was alluded to by Miss Anthony. When the positive order was sent to me to compel the marriage of the colored people living together, the women came to me with tears and said: "We don't want to be married in the church, because when we are married in the church our husbands treat us just as old massa used to, and whip us if they think we deserve it, but when we ain't married in the church, they knows it they tyrannize over us, we go and left 'em." And the men came to me and said, "We want you to compel them to be married, for we can't manage them unless you do. They goes and earns just as much money as we does, and then they goes and spends it and never asks no questions. Now, we wants 'em married in the church, 'cause when they's married in the church, we makes 'em mind." So in San Domingo, establishing the laws of marriage made tyranny for these recreant slave women.

I would not say one word against marriage, God forbid. It is the noblest institution we have in this country. But let it be a marriage of equality. Let the man and woman stand as equals before the law. Let the freedwoman of the South own the money she earns by her own labor: and give her the right of suffrage, for she knows as much as the freedman. Bring in these elements, and you will achieve a success. But I will stand firmly and determinedly against the oppression that puts the newly emancipated colored women of South Carolina under the subjection to her husband required by the marriage laws of South Carolina. I demand equality on behalf of the freedwoman as well as the freedman.

I want to say a word upon the question whether the country at large wants suffrage for the colored man. Since the third day of September, with the exception of about twelve days, I have been laboring in your State, from morning until night, if I may so speak. I have given over fifty-two lectures, besides a good many talks that could not be called lectures. I have sat in the houses of the people; and have met them around the platform; and have met them in the cars, and along the canal, and in the most retired districts, where, as Petroleum Nasby would say, they learned six weeks ago that the war was ended; and I tell you, my friends, that I never heard the people speak of the Constitutional Amendment in my whole journey, except to condemn it. (Applause.) They talked of suffrage. That was the idea they voted on. It was the central fact before them, that the black man must have the right of suffrage, or he would not have the privileges of a free man. Your work is going on. Every child is being educated by the voice of his mother, and those around him. Your increased majority this year, I have reason to believe, was mainly made up of young men who had just come to vote. And your young men are coming up to be ready for this great work as never before. Public opinion is entirely ahead of political opinion. When the politicians say, "Keep cool; don't go too far; don't frighten the people,"—poor timid conservatives, they do not know what the people are.

While you are all deprecating the position of Andrew Johnson as President of the United States, and this great turmoil for the past two years, it seems to me that there has been a Providence in having such a man as he at Washington to bring up the people to a desire for a republican form of government. If we had had a ruler at Washington, we would not have thought as much about this subject. The imbecile there has made people think. He has not "swung round the circle" to no purpose. And if it has brought the people up to the great idea, there is no danger. As Miss Anthony said, the question is not whether we shall save or destroy the Republican party; but the great thought of the people to-day, is the individual right of every human soul to govern his own thoughts and feelings and actions, subject to no law but such as have an equal bearing upon every other individual under similar circumstances, responsible at no bar but that of his own conscience and his God.

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. PURVIS) next awarded the floor to Mr. Broome, who had risen at the same time with Mrs. Gage, although Mr. Henry B. Stanton first addressed the chair.

Mr. STANTON waived his right, but desired to inform the President that his decision was not in conformity with parliamentary law. If he were to go to the United States Senate, he would need to understand parliamentary law. (Laughter.)

The CHAIRMAN—Whenever I have reason to think that my hopes for that position are well grounded, I will learn parliamentary law. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. W. W. BROOME, Editor of the New York *Temple of Opinion*, in reply to the query of Mr. Peterson, whether Abolitionists ever read their old speeches, referred to Mr. P. to a speech which he had delivered in December, 1836, when he avowed himself in favor of equal and impartial rights. Mr. B. proceeded to argue in favor of universal suffrage, without exclusion for color or sex, and said that the working classes of England never could be emancipated until this country had been made pure, holy and righteous. As to President Johnson, he had long thought and had reason to believe that he was laboring under insanity. Certainly he was incapable of performing his duties as President. The remarks of Mr. B. were received with loud applause.

Mr. HENRY B. STANTON said—I have not risen to make a speech. I shall probably try my hand at that this evening. But I wish to say a word now. I am in favor of universal suffrage—indeed, I do not know that I should be permitted to live in my own house if I were not. (Laughter.) But, sir, when I look upon you, and look upon my friend Mrs. Lucretia Mott, and remember how long some of you have labored, waiting for this hour, more than a third of a century, cast out and trodden under foot of men, but, I trust, accepted and approved of God; when I remember that there have been martyrs strewn along the line of this third of a century—Lovejoy, Dresser, Crandall, and others; when I remember all we have gone through in this terrible civil war, which has not a parallel in the history of the human race—a convulsion that has, to speak of it in a financial view, piled up a mountain load of debt that will press sweat and curses from the laboring poor of this country for a whole century; when I remember that, to purchase this hour, we have sent to their graves, North and South, half a million of the strength and glory of this land; when I look, as I always do, with respectful and reverential eye on those "boys in blue," those stalwart sons of ours who took our cause upon their broad shoulders, and, in the face of fire and blood, bore it to an assured victory; when I remember that we spent all this, did all this, shed all this blood, to purchase the negro's hour, I say it belongs to him and his race.

When I made my last speech, in the Presidential campaign of 1864, I determined I would cease thenceforth to be a politician, and would never make another political speech. But when I found the issue presented to us whether we would exterminate the last roots of the rebellion, and would confer upon the negro that which would secure his freedom, the ballot, I resolved that again I would steal away from my professional duties, as I have to come here to-day, and do what I could in my feeble way to achieve for the negro this right. (Applause.) As a Republican—for I am a "full-blooded" Republican, as Gen. Taylor said about being a Whig, "and about a quarter over"—I think that for that party now to refuse to labor to confer upon the negro the ballot, constitutes one of the most infamous chapters in the volume of political ingratitude and national treachery that the world ever saw.

It is not that I am opposed to the enfranchisement of women. I would confer it upon them to-day. I do not ask them to lift the tip of their little finger to confer suffrage on the negro. I ask them to labor on—God give them success—but simply speaking, as one of those cast-out specimens of this human family, a mere man, sir, I only say, let us carry the negro through.

I am weary of this work. The third of a century cuts a pretty deep notch into a man's life. I made my first speech in behalf of the slave in 1832. I am a little anxious to devote the remainder of my life to something else. When you, gentlemen, get the right of suffrage, pardon me for saying I am done with you; and I will turn my attention for the remaining days of my life to some other pursuit. I will never quit you, God helping me, while life lasts, until you do get the ballot; but when you have got that, sir, you must take your chance about getting into the Senate.

Another word, by way of criticism, suggested by a reference of Mr. Powell to John Bright—not unkindly meant, because there is not a man in this country that I think has more confidence in the clearness of brain and purity of heart of John Bright, than I. I read the speeches he delivered in Dublin; but I did not forget the firm conviction of my mind that, at any time in these last twenty years, the very audiences upon whom he rained down that golden eloquence in Dublin, would have gone on shipboard and landed in New York, and, under real or forged naturalization papers, would have voted for the most infamous despotism that God, in His inscrutable providence, ever cursed the world with. That is plain talk; but I would say to Mr. Bright, *With your clear head and warm heart, when you attribute the condition of the Irish people solely to the church and land monopoly, you do not know precisely what you are talking about, nor exactly whom you are talking to.*

Mr. PURVIS said that, as a colored man and a victim to the terrible tyranny inflicted upon them by the injustice and prejudice of the nation, he asked from this nation no right that he would not give to every other human being, without regard to sex or color. (Applause.) And deeply as he felt the degraded position occupied by the colored man, he would not to-day exchange it for the position of the whitest woman in the land. (Applause.) He could not ask white women to give their efforts and influence in behalf of his race, and at the same time meanly and selfishly withhold countenance of a movement tending to her enfranchisement.

On motion of Miss GREW, the 6th resolution was amended so as to read:

Resolved, That as, *excepting the American Equal Rights Association*, the Anti-Slavery Societies are the only organizations in this country which uncompromisingly demand suffrage for the negro, etc.

Remarks of Miss Grew.

Miss MARY GREW said—It has seemed to me peculiarly true that, as cold water to the thirsty soul, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, is it to meet here the faces of those who have labored with us, but some of whom we have not heard or seen for many a long year. It brings back vividly the early days of this enterprise, when the Abolitionists came together in upper chambers, and assembled by night, sometimes with mobs outside the door, and never knowing at what moment some unsuspected mine might explode under their feet—when they clasped hands and pledged themselves to live, as long as God would support them, for the slaves of the country—those blessed days to which some of us can look back, and which those who are too young to look back upon, may well envy us our memories. This day recalls them vividly, by the renewal of those pledges here, and by the sight of some fellow-laborers whom we have not seen for many a long day.

We have work to do, and the tendency and aim of all the words spoken here is to inspire us to do that work. It is human nature to desire and to demand sympathy, and the expression of that sympathy by co-operation by word and deed. All our meetings, during these last thirty years, have been but a response to that great want of the human soul. We came together to rouse each other's energies, to encourage each other, to counsel each other, and to say one to the other: "Be not discouraged, but press onward." Another object is to lay plans for future work, as we have year after year, and as we are doing to-day.

These sessions have proved that our energy is not abated, that our interest in these meetings has not left us. I trust we shall go forth and work as energetically, as diligently and as successfully as ever before—aye, and far more so. The great idea of our resolutions is that we are to complete the work we have begun, by putting into the hand of the slave the ballot which will secure his freedom. We have organized to abolish slavery. If slavery is abolished, really, fully and actually; if the once American slave is a freeman now, clearly our work is done, and we may disband with hallelujahs to God. But is slavery abolished? Our Constitution says it is, and thereby our constitutional work is done. The testimony which comes up to us every day from the South, from the voices of men down there, and their newspapers—what does that say about it? What does the slave say? He calls upon us from that far-off land, and begs us to stand by him yet. Judge Bond told us last night—and I deem his testimony valuable—that slavery is not abolished. Those Southern men that took their lives in their hands and came up here to hold a loyal convention in our city, told us, over and over again, that slavery is abolished only in name—that the fact exists. Now, sir, we did not war against the name, hideous as it is. We warred against the thing, and we pledged ourselves to fight it to the death, or to our death.

Down in the Southland there are thousands of slaves who have obtained their personal liberty, at least partially, who are surrounded by United States bayonets, who are guarded by the tender kindness of Northern friends who have gone down to feed, and clothe, and teach, and uplift them. These men stand to-day comparatively free. But look away into those plantations in the interior, where no Union soldiers are, where scarcely the newspaper goes, where defeated and enraged rebels rule to-day about as much as they ever did, and how is it there? Not long ago, in Nashville, a United States general of the Regular Army, bred at West Point, told us that in the city of Nashville, not so very far South, there were men owning plantations in Arkansas that could not get laborers upon them; and they made an arrangement with the police officers of Nashville to arrest, as they returned from their work at evening, the freedmen of that place, and to lodge them in the city jail as vagrants. They did so, and in the morning these Arkansas planters went and bought them out, paying their fines, and sent them down to their plantations in Arkansas; and there, for aught we know, they are to this day, though the general, like a true and noble man, protested, and put in train some measures which he hoped would lead to the punishment of this infamous transaction. How it will result, no one knows. I mention that as a representative case. Such things are told us in blacker characters from the further South and the further interior. You all read in the newspapers, not long ago, about that self-constituted combination of men that called themselves the Black Guard, I think—

Mr. STANTON—The Black Cavalry.

Miss GREW—I knew it was a black something, and it was very black. It was organized to keep order upon the plantations in the interior of our Southern States; and if a black man ventured off his plantation they would arrest him, as in the old slave days. It was an organization of mob law, or lynch law. But the planters said they kept better order than was possible in the old days. No one interfered; and probably nine out of ten of the United States soldiers sympathized with them. We hear of these things. Nobody denies them. Is slavery actually, practically abolished?

Even along the sea coast, where the freedman has by far the best opportunities to secure his freedom, do they not live trembling from day to day lest the hour should strike which will reinstate their masters in power, and drive from their shores every friend of the black man, and reduce them to the State of slavery in name, or at least in reality, by a code either exactly the same thing or so near it as to leave little to choose between them.

We have pledged ourselves to make the slaves free. If the Southern masters agree to free the slave, they expect us to be satisfied with the name. But we are going to have the thing itself, after thirty years of such toil and labor as the last speaker has portrayed before you; for we must give the black man the only thing that will secure his freedom. A man may be free, perhaps, in the Old World, without the ballot. Governments there are differently constituted. But in a popular government a man must have the ballot in order to be free for any length of time, and to have any security for his freedom. Our work now is to put the finishing touch to our work of former years, by demanding of this nation to give these men this seal and surety for their freedom. Not till that is granted will our work be done.

How shall that be accomplished? How have we generally done our work? Always by educating public sentiment. That is what we pledge ourselves to do. We are to rely upon the same weapons, using them as occasion may require. It is still the old story that we used to repeat in very early days, of the mild arms of truth and love made mighty through the living God. Words now are as strong weapons as they were then. We are to act upon the heart and conscience of this nation until it comes up to the full measure of its duty. We are to speak as in old times, whether they will bear or whether they will forbear. Thank God, they hear us now. They have heard us and come up to a point where some of our fellow laborers think our work is done. Much must have been accomplished for anyone to conceive this.

One way to work is by sustaining our press. Anti-Slavery Societies alone speak to the nation. One of our chief agencies is THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. We ought to send it out broadcast over the land. It is the only organ of the Anti-Slavery Societies, and speaks weekly to the people upon this one point—"Give the slave the ballot or you do not make him free." If we send THE STANDARD into every editorial office in the land, if we supply every Congressman with it, as we do to a great extent—we are sending it wherever we can find means to send it—we are doing a great work in this direction. One member of Congress whose name you all know, says, "Are you going to send THE STANDARD to Congress this Winter, as you did last? for it is important you should;" and then he sends name after name to be placed upon our "free list," our list of persons in the far South to whom it is freely sent.

Another way to work is to sustain every other paper which demands the ballot for the black man. Above all, plead for that end, manfully, yourself, in every way in your power. I am sure this meeting will do much for our cause. It will stir up our hearts to more zeal, and strengthen our hands in action. We must take nothing in the place of our cause. It is all very well to have Freedmen's Bureaus, and Civil Rights bills. But as one of the speakers says, what are Civil Rights bills, if rebels or rebel sympathisers are to execute them? You give a man a right to sue me in the courts. Before whom is he to sue? Who are the lawyers, the judges and the jurors? Nothing can save him but the right to the ballot.

This nation owes a great debt to the black man, and we should be much mistaken to suppose that years of war can wipe out that debt. But if we work now, with our small means, we may hope by and by to have more when we are nearer winning than now. You have sent in your contributions freely. God bless you for it. The slave blesses you. Give of your abundance what you can spare from your own comfort and convenience. We trust it will be unnecessary to ask for more; but we will not be weary in this well-doing even if the work should not be accomplished in our time.

You, sir, remember well when first the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized; when the Abolitionists came together, and pledged themselves to set the slave free if it lay in their power. Mobs surrounded us then, with blood, and fire, and threats; and we turned not aside for them. The State in its dignity arose and threatened us, and we looked calmly in the face their indictments for treason. The church confronted us with her "anathema maranatha," and we said, "Get thee behind me, adversary; thou savorest not the things that be of God." Now, in the hour almost of victory, shall the blandishments of prosperity turn us aside, when persecution had no power to do it? We breasted the swellings of Jordan, and fainted not. Now, with our feet almost upon the further shore, with the glories of the promised land looming up before us, and the songs of redeemed millions breaking upon our ears, shall we pause, and turn back, and pursue not the struggle and the race to its glorious end? If we look down upon those millions who hang upon our words to-day, and stretch up appealing arms, and beg us not to leave them in this hour of their peril and the nations peril, we will pledge ourselves not to falter or turn aside from our work until we shall receive from them to whom we have pledged ourselves long ago, their discharge in jubilant anthem, when redeemed and disenthralled they stand before the nation in the full rights of American citizens. And then, friends, we shall hear the words of discharge, from another voice, from another master to whom we have given our vows, "Well done, good and faithful servant." (Applause.)

Messrs. HUTCHINSON and KITTREDGE sang a song written and arranged by them for the occasion.

The Convention then adjourned to meet at 3 p.m.

Afternoon Session.

THE meeting was called to order at 3 p.m., Mr. PURVIS in the chair.

After some remarks by Mr. E. M. DAVIS, who suggested the enlargement of the Committee on Finance, Miss Anthony and Mr. Cox were added to the Committee.

The resolutions were read by Miss GREW, and adopted *seriatim*, including the two resolutions offered by Mr. Powell this morning, with debate or amendments to the 5th, 6th, and 10th.

Upon the reading of the 5th resolution, a warm discussion arose upon the proposition to insert the word "generally;" Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Love, Mr. Herne, and others, advocating the proposition, upon the ground that there were honorable exceptions among the churches, with regard to establishing negro pews, and neglect to oppose the exclusion of colored people from the cars; and Miss Grew, Mr. Paxton, Mr. Davis, Gen. Wagner, Mr. Powell, Mr. Broome, Dr. Corson, Mr. Kilgore, and others, contending that the amendment was unnecessary, exceptions being always understood, and that it would weaken the force of the resolution. In the course of the discussion,

Miss GREW said—Sojourner Truth once said: "P'raps some of you thinks I means you. Well, child, if you thinks it's you, it is you." But do you suppose that when "all Judea" went out to be baptized by John in Jordan, there was nobody left at home? Or would any one say that the evangelist did not speak the truth?

The amendment not being seconded, the resolution was adopted unchanged.

The sixth resolution was read as follows:

Resolved, That as, excepting the American Equal Rights Association, the Anti-Slavery Societies are the only organizations in this country which uncompromisingly demand suffrage for the negro, we earnestly recommend to all the friends and advocates of this claim, to extend to these Societies and their organ, the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, their liberal support.

Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS said—It has been suggested to me by Mr. Davis that I should make a few remarks upon this resolution, not so much upon the question of suffrage itself, as in regard to the relation which the anti-slavery bodies sustain to the question of suffrage. You have all observed during the last three or four months that the Republican party, as an organization, deliberately and systematically put aside the question of suffrage under the auspices of Congress itself, in order to try the experiment with the Northern or Southern people, of the adoption of what was called the Constitutional Amendment. The political organization deliberately surrendered the Summer, the five or six months from the adjournment of Congress to the election, to a political experiment, designedly closing their lips in regard to the great central and inevitable issue of the rights of the negro. It was an old charge against some of the orthodox people, that they wished to go to heaven with as little effort as possible. They wanted to have as much of the world's pleasure and wickedness as they could, and yet be good enough just to squeeze in at the gate at the last moment. The Republican party have been endeavoring for the last year or two, not to settle this problem, but to see with how little of justice to the negro they could satisfy the instincts of the Northern people, and at the same time the South. They have been trying to run a line to see how, at the least cost, they could secure an apparent peace between the sections. In order to that, Congress settles down upon a Constitutional Amendment, and Congress devotes the Summer to that. When the leaders of a party undertake to go through such an era as ours with that course of political experiment, the effect shows the necessity of some regulating body that shall keep the minds and eyes of the people fixedly upon this inevitable issue. We cannot rely upon politicians to do it. They are making bargains. They are, from their very functions endeavoring to see how cheaply their party can purchase success, with how little offence to the prejudices of some of their members, they can keep or get control of the government. That is the Republican programme.

On the other side, taking the lead of the Chicago *Times*, the Boston *Post*, and some other Democratic journals, they see their opportunity. They are anxious, many of them, to gather together the fragments of the old Democratic party upon a basis which shall outbid the Republicans. If that could be done in a month; if they could take the elements of the Democratic party and wipe out clean its prejudices, its antagonisms, its personal rivalry, and make a party in a month, our business would be gone; our functions would be ended. The great question of negro rights and equality of suffrage, would be a distinct party issue, with a million and a half of votes behind it. Not only would journals be found to advocate it, but the brains of one half the country would be exclusively set to work, and that issue would be argued as the old tariff was argued, and as the bank question was argued. The moment the universal suffrage question reaches that point, there is no further use of a distinct anti-slavery organization; because all that can be done in a Republican government is to get the attention of the people fastened upon the desired point, and to get the brains of the country to discuss it. That is half the victory. In order to accomplish that, it must become a recognized political issue. Then half the journals, half the ambition, half the selfishness of the country are behind the issue, whatever it is. As the cogwheels of Lowell take the dirty wool and tear it to pieces and hand it over to the spindle, so the brains of the country take a question, clear it of all its difficulty, clear up all its doubts, straighten out all its kinks, and give it to the nation as a settled and accepted fact.

But the Democratic party cannot be reorganized in a week, or a month, or six months. The leading and thoughtful men of the Democratic party no doubt see that there is no chance left for them except to outbid their rivals. The last canvass, ostensibly conducted upon the idea of the Constitutional Amendment, was, as I said yesterday, and as Mr. Peterson seemed to deny, essentially a quarrel over the question of suffrage. It was the President against it; the people against him; and Congress ground to pieces between the two, like grain betwixt the upper and nether millstone. The party found the people with their instincts, groping towards justice. The leaders, the moment the canvass was over, recognized the fact that it settled the suffrage question, and if they could take the rank and file and carry them along, the work would be done. But the million of Irishmen who have been prejudiced against the "nigur" for thirty years, cannot be unprejudiced in an hour. Tammany Hall, with its leading men, may want to go over; but cannot take its rival with it. The intelligent men peel off from the party, and the rank and file remain under the lead of demagogues.

The Democratic party cannot be reorganized upon that basis for a year or two, and it will probably take longer. In this interval, what remains? We are to remain, watching at our altar, taking care to keep our fires lighted. If the *Tribune* thinks it necessary to party success to be silent for six months, we can stand beside the *Tribune* and keep alive the purpose of the people. If we had not done that for the last six months, where would the question of suffrage have been? None but the radical men have kept the people awake to the necessity of quitting the Constitutional Amendment and taking in its place suffrage for all. Neither of the parties is tied to the question of suffrage. They trade with it, or surrender it, when they please. Neither has made it a speciality or pledged its leaders to it. We have only individual record, of Kelley here, Boutwell there, Sumner, and Wade; but the party is not there. Until they get there, we cannot give up our organization.

Again, take Mr. Greeley's proposition for universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. It gives no guaranty to the negro in the Southern States. New York has given her negroes the right to vote upon certain property qualifications. That has stood there for years, and may stand for twenty years longer. South Carolina could give ten per cent. of the negroes a right to vote upon the same condition, and then shutting herself up with a Chinese wall of State Sovereignty can keep them there for two generations. If you accept impartial suffrage, and allow it to be surrounded with that Chinese Wall, you forsake the negro. It is not safe, then, to trust to party. There must be men outside, with a press of their own to preach to the people constantly, and to take unintermitted charge of the question. It is for that reason that I have always contended that it is unsafe yet to dissolve the Anti-Slavery organization.

We do not know what three months or six months may produce. There are a million and a half of votes at the North. There is a President in the White House. The South and the left wing, a whole army, oppose Republicanism. The Seaboard is impatient for reconstruction, no matter upon what basis, to open the way to business. How long would it take the South, with this temptation to aid them, and with the journals silent, to wipe out the Republican party? We must not give up our press. When Durant flies from New Orleans to Washington, he subscribes for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, to learn what his allies at the North are doing, recognizing the out-spoken abolition movement as the only ally that can be relied upon. The other evening, when I spoke in your Academy of Music, the first man who took me by the hand after I turned said, "I am an exile from Louisiana, and that is our voice, and the testimony we would like to make." Go to Judge Kelley and ask him. Do you feel so strong in your position as a party, that you would be willing that the Anti-Slavery body should disband, and no longer have a journal?" He would be the first man to protest against our thinking of such a thing; for he knows that one half the strength of his party in the House of Representatives, is made up of the suspicion, at least, if not the fact, that there is a large class behind them who get their views from Abolitionists and abolition journals.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, perhaps three months ago, advanced the idea of removing the President the moment articles of impeachment are laid against him. What is the result? The New York *World* copies it to protest. The New York *Herald* copies it to criticise. The New York *Tribune* never touches it. The New York *Tribune* will not let its readers know, through one line in any of its columns that such a proposition has been made. They cannot risk hurting the party by it. Yet it was well that it should be said. It was proper that it should be stated first by the Anti-Slavery body, and that then Gen. Butler should re-echo it in his great speech in Cincinnati; for it would have been a shame to leave a converted Democratic general to take the lead in Anti-Slavery statesmanship, and to get ahead of the body that have devoted their brains to the subject for thirty years. So when ever there is any radical utterance in one of our journals, the republican press dare not copy it; they are too near us; it only comes out through the hate of our enemies.

Garrison never felt the strength of the blow he struck at slavery until South Carolina struck back. It was the slaveholder that helped him to see the strength of his attack upon the country. So it is to-day. If you want to make a radical appeal to the people, you have got to make it on some basis or pedestal of your own, and then it will be spit back in the faces of the people by the hate of the copperhead press. Then the people can understand it. Seward once said to me, "Go and make public opinion, and I will use it." That is, "Go and take the risk of the utterance, and I will watch, and if I think it can count noses enough to be valuable, I will put it into my platform." But somebody has got to sacrifice himself. Some journal must go ahead and try the strength of the ice. Who shall it be? It will not be Horace Greeley, or his paper; and if the small country papers undertake it, they do not get any attention.

Thirty years have set us on a hill. We have not a large treasury; we have not many thousands of members. But thirty years have set us where the country generally looks at us, and wants to know what we think of such and such a thing, and the newspaper sends a reporter to our meeting, that the country may know. What are we to do with this result from our labors of thirty years? Throw it away? A man has worked sixty years, all his life, to gain the attention of his countrymen. How valuable is that? Theodore Parker *said to me the year before he died, "I have won this, and deem it the most valuable thing* I have won, that when I speak, it is worth while for the New York press to report what I say." If he delivered a speech in the Tabernacle, it was read the next morning by a million of people, thence to the great river. What Theodore Parker did individually, the Anti-Slavery organization has done since 1831. It has gained this, that the country watches it. If they do not trust it, they are at least curious to know what its opinion is. Shall we throw that advantage away? Shall we disband, and give it to the winds? No; it is the best fruit of thirty years work.

What do I gain in thirty years of work? Nothing but that the last time I went to New York, it was thought worth while for the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Express*, and *News*, to give me a verbatim report. I could not have purchased it for two thousand dollars; perhaps not for three or four. Yet this was done because of the fact that I was supposed to speak your views. If we throw that away, how shall we get it again? How can we gain anything so valuable? How can we reach such an audience? Where is the platform you can raise under any speaker to address such a crowd? Standing together, banded together, swearing allegiance to each other, keeping our flag afloat, our journal uttering its weekly protest or explanation, now and then warning, now and then praising, the country look to us. It is an advantage I, for one, am unwilling to surrender. Keep together, and the country respects us as a power. The country looks to us fer the last, consistent radical application of a principle to our emergency, and the good sense of the country gives us confidence.

Why is not Mr. Seward regarded to-day as he was in 1860 or in 1850? Because the country looks upon his forty years of statesmanship and says he has ceased to apply justice to facts. He is a trader in the market. But let any man live and apply justice to facts, and also secure the ear of the people, and he is a power. This little Society, having a name to live, with not perhaps 500 recognized members, with another Society like it in New York and another in Boston, numerically, pecuniarily, and socially contemptible; yet it is a power; for there is not a journal in the country that does not copy its resolutions, in the east, in the far west, or in the South-west, where the struggling free soil papers just live in a pro-slavery community. But let any one man attempt with an idea to reach his countrymen, and he cannot do it. It is like fighting against a stone wall. Publish a pamphlet, and it will not circulate. Go to the *Tribune* to publish the article. It cannot be done. Say to Horace Greeley, "I want to criticize William H. Seward." "You cannot do it in these columns." "I want to expose the duplicity of Nat. Banks." "It is not to be done with these type." Where can you go? You cannot go anywhere. You have lost your strength. You are shorn of your hair. You are Samson betrayed. But stand as an Anti-Slavery Society; stand behind a journal, no matter how small, and it reaches the editors. It reaches the fountains from which others draw. You may impeach Seward. You may set a fact going against a man with a cocked hat and gold-headed cane, and it will travel to Mexico in two days.

If you will pardon the allusion to myself, what do you suppose ever entitled me to the distinction of having the President wish I were hung. I was not a Senator, like Charles Sumner. I was not a Representative, like Thaddeus Stevens. I did not have a Commonwealth behind me. I did not have the Republican party behind me. I had nothing but the Anti-Slavery Society behind me; but as long as I had that, the President knew it weighed as heavy as the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, because the people had learned to look at it and give it respect, and heed its teachings.

While this is true, every man who looks back to the record of the work he has done in this cause, will desire, during this revolutionary epoch of our existence, during this crystalization of human thought, to continue his work. Men seem to think we are certain to be saved. I have no doubt we are certain to be saved in the end. I have a faith that at some time there will be, not a mountain in Samaria and a temple at Jerusalem, but our temple at Jerusalem where all the forty tribes of the United States will worship. There will be one temple; but I know not through what desert we may reach it. I do not know but wily statesmen in the Cabinet may set us all adrift. Grant Mr. Johnson three years, and I do not know where we may be. Henry Wilson said, after painting the South one scene of blood, with no negro safe, and loyal white men exiled, "We will give you another President on the 4th of March, 1869." That is a great way ahead. Several thousand negroes may be shot in the interval. Union men are exiles. How are we to pass the three years of interval? How are you to guaranty that we are not to see some counter move which will set all our domestic questions afloat before the year 1869? Yet that is all the party promises you—"We will go to work with the old machinery, and grind out a President for you by the 4th of March, 1869. We went down and made one out of the mud of Tennessee; but the next time we will try to make one cleaner." But all the cleanness they propose is Gen. Grant, whom nobody knows, and whom nobody will know until he is President. We want our Anti-Slavery organization—we cannot trust to party.

It was said yesterday by Mr. Peterson that the war was fought to establish the fact that a State could not secede. I believe if you were to ask 950,000 out of the million men who went to the war, whether they were fighting against secession, they would have laughed in your face. Do you suppose Ben. Butler would have volunteered to carry the guns of 50,000 Massachusetts men? He knew a great deal better than that. He knew that was nothing but a pasteboard mask, and that hidden behind it was the question of the "contraband," and he had not got further South than Baltimore before he tore the mask off and gave us that potent word. And the country knows that the battle was fought by men determined that liberty and not aristocracy should rule this country. And while we remain together, and while our journal remains, we are among the elements that will educate the people and save them from being cheated.

Remember, my friends, that God never gives the world but one question at a time. Luther and his generation took the single thought that religion was a matter between man and his God, and not between man and the Pope. That generation was devoted exclusively to that question. Then another generation took up the idea that the people had rights; that the divine right of kings did not swallow up the rights of manhood, and they settled that question. In 1776 our fathers took single the question of the right of one part of a nation to rebel against another part, and set up a government. It was the question of independence, not of liberty, and they settled that. Between that time and this, two generations have been breaking up the chains that linger around classes; ideas of wealth and education having the right to administer the government; the idea of Webster that property was the basis of government. We fought our way down to the doctrine that government resided in the man. That was work enough for them, and they did it. That was the triumph of universal suffrage. When the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts, no man could vote that was not a member of a church. After a time that was extended to a certain degree. Rhode Island only gave the suffrage to landowners; but the last two generations have claimed universal suffrage, and they have gained it.

Now God has brought to us another question—the question of races. Are an Irishman and an American different or the same? Are the black man and the white man politically equal or not? This epoch is devoting its attention to wiping out the distinction of races under our polity. When we have done that, there remain the labor question, the woman question, and a variety of other questions to which another generation will give heed. But this generation, this epoch of thirty years, is deciding the question of the antagonism *or unity of races in America. We are to decide that question. We shall soon reach the goal.* You may be temperance men also, eight hour men, or may labor for all sorts of kindred objects; but our mission is the primary object, the central idea around which all others are grouped—no races before the law, no "white man's government," no rights which one race has and which it is not bound to respect in others. Until we have accomplished our mission, we cannot dissolve.

Speaking, therefore, to the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, I wish to impress upon you the necessity of watching your own question. When men come and tell me, I am for this or that, I say to them, I did not know you in the twenty hard years that we were at work; you did not serve your apprenticeship with us, you did not go through brickbats and mobs, self-sacrifice and devotion, for this idea; you have not earned the right to advise. You are a new convert. We can use you. If you do well, God speed you. But when you express an opinion, take a back seat. This is a question to which some of us have given our lives, and upon which, other things being equal, our judgment should have the weight of an expert's. Do you want to know whether a man's leg should be cut off? You send for a surgeon. Do you want information upon a financial measure? You send for a banker. Do you desire to know whether the roof is tight, or the walls are plumb? You send for an architect. When you want to know how an anti-slavery measure shall be constructed that will make the State safe and harmonious, and not a monster in the nineteenth century, send for an Abolitionist. He has studied the problem for eighty years. He has traced it up to the present day.

Last night, Mr. Peterson said we were very positive. We are. We know what we are about. We are willing other folks should know what we are about. We know what we want, want it with a will, and are determined to have it. A positive man is like a square granite block. Before you get by, you must go round him or over him; you cannot go through him. Mr. Seward was never a man of convictions; he was a man of expedients. He was like the sword of Damascus, which could be put into a scabbard shaped like a cork-screw without breaking. He never knew where he was; he never was anchored anywhere in the moral world. When a positive man like Jeff Davis touched him, he vanished. He had no power to oppose him. You cannot dissolve granite with cologne water. Two equal powers may oppose one another; but send a puff-ball against a cannon-ball, and the puff-ball gets the worst of it. Seward, in 1850 and 1860 was sending puff-balls against the Southerners. The Southerners had convictions. Wade Hampton believes, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot—every drop of his blood believes, in the impossibility of admitting the colored man to equality of rights. When you oppose a man like that, who is full, and running over, with one whose blood is cold as Agassiz's fishes, a man without a conviction, they are not equal. The only man capable of balancing Calhoun was Garrison, because they had convictions. While Webster was but mortar and Clay was cement, these two men saw each other across the continent, like Mount Washington looking to the Rocky Mountains of the West—all between, the valley of soft, muddy politics.

To-day the Southerners, gathered under the lead of their rotten comrade in the White House, are a set of convictions, ideas, beliefs, faiths. The only men on the other side, in the North, are the Radicals. The reason why such a man as Mr. Greeley, with all his labor, does not stay anywhere, is because the Radical is like an electrical machine. As he moves he gathers all the puff-balls about him, or throws them off, as they become positive or negative. The anti-slavery body, thank God, is not the Radicalism of the North; but it is a recognized and definite portion, a portion to which the press looks, an element to which it listens. This radical mass is constantly moving forward, nearing its Southern rival.

We must not disband. Organization trebles strength. The mischief of this Radicalism in the Republican party is, that it is not organized. Nobody knows exactly where it is. If the Union League in Philadelphia, and the Union League in New York, should set their feet down that there shall be no cessation of their efforts until every man in the South, white or black, has the school-house near him, land under him, and the ballot in his right hand, we might give up; but they do not take that view. They could not carry their 1,900 with them, in your city, if they did. Neither could they be sustained in New York.

I will not detain you longer. I make these sugges-

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tions to show you the necessity for our standing together and supporting our movement liberally, that our voice may be heard in this trying hour of our country's history.

The resolution was agreed to.

On motion, the District resolution was reconsidered, and, on motion of Mrs. Mott, in order to strike out the words "impartial suffrage," the resolution was amended so as to read:

"We demand of Congress that it award, without further delay, the ballot to the colored people of the District of Columbia."

The resolution was then adopted.

The resolutions, as finally adopted, were as follows:

Resolved, That the legally emancipated slave needs the right of suffrage to complete and secure his personal freedom; that without it the constitutional declaration of freedom and carefully-framed laws for his protection will be powerless to defend him, and, therefore, as his representatives and advocates before the nation, we claim for him that badge and shield of our American freeman—*the ballot.*

Resolved, That the adoption of any plan of reconstruction which leaves the regulation of suffrage in the hands of the Southern States, will prove fatal to the colored man's freedom and the nation's safety, and that we therefore demand that the negro's right to the ballot shall be protected by constitutional provisions.

Resolved, That the work of the Abolitionists will not be done until the spirit of slavery is so far exorcised from the nation that the colored man of the South can assert and maintain his actual freedom in the presence of that dominant class who, defeated on the battle-field, are now striving to win their cause by diplomacy, and to put the negro under their feet.

Resolved, That the citizens of Philadelphia, in the Church and out of it, furnish the lamentable evidence that they are not repentant for the national sin of oppression in the disgraceful fact that forbids our colored citizens to ride in our street cars, and allows them to be ejected with insult and violence.

Resolved, That we hold the churches of this city especially responsible for this meanness and wickedness, inasmuch as they set the example of such exclusion by establishing negro pews in their houses of worship, and inasmuch as their moral power is amply sufficient to open our cars to the colored man whenever they shall choose to exercise it in that direction.

Resolved, That as, with the exception of the American Equal Rights Association, the Anti-Slavery Societies are the only organizations in this country which uncompromisingly demand suffrage for the negro, we earnestly recommend to all the friends and advocates of this claim to extend to these societies and their organ, the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, their liberal support.

Resolved, That we hail with joy every triumph of freedom over slavery, of righteousness over injustice, and give hearty thanks for the moral growth of public sentiment touching the rights of the colored man. Encouraged and strengthened thereby, we will persevere in our labors until our work shall be accomplished and the slave fully transformed into a man.

Resolved, That in the name of four millions of betrayed and outraged black men, whose liberty he has sold; in the name of a betrayed and insulted nation, whose laws he has violated, whose will he has defamed, whose fundamental principles he has assaulted, we demand the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Resolved, That we call upon Congress promptly to declare null and void the so-called State organizations instituted by executive usurpation in the territories of the rebellion, and to provide at once for loyal, legitimate and impartial territorial governments, to be continued until such time as Republican State governments, without distinction of color or race, may become possible.

Resolved, That we demand of Congress that it award, without further delay, the ballot to the colored people of the District of Columbia.

Resolved, That if Andrew Johnson remains in office on the Fourth of March, 1867, it will be the duty of the present Congress to provide that the Fortieth Congress shall assemble on the Fifth day of March, 1867.

Mr. EDWARD M. DAVIS, on behalf of the Finance Committee, submitted a report, which will appear next week.

On motion, the Society adjourned until 7½ o'clock p.m.

Evening Session.

A large audience assembled at National Hall, on Friday evening, November 23, 1866, to listen to addresses by Henry B. Stanton, Wendell Phillips, and others, before the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. *Mr.* ROBERT PURVIS, *Vice-President, occupied the chair.*

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

Mr. PHILLIPS, having been announced, addressed the meeting as follows:

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: My friend, Mr. Stanton, had arranged to be the first occupant of this platform, and but for an accidental circumstance would have complied with that programme, and I should have had the profit of following in his footsteps and gathering some texts from the topics upon which he touched. Unprepared in a degree, therefore, I take the first verse in the meeting, and can only suggest to you a further analysis of some of the topics which have attracted our attention during the sessions of our annual meeting in another Hall.

I was saying this afternoon when we broke up our session that one of the great benefits of this organization was that the public had become accustomed to look to it for some measure of advice and for some measure of enlightenment upon the questions which have grown out of the original Anti-Slavery movement. However much broader and deeper they are in consequence of the great civil war than our movement first contemplated, still they are essentially questions growing from that root, and questions which men who have studied that movement for many years must necessarily be more competent to treat than mere party politicians. They have been accustomed to look at slavery as a monstrous growth which, by a simple statute, by a Constitutional Amendment written on parchment, might be cut away from the body politic; something which, whenever the people were ready to get rid of it, would fall off like the fifth wheel of a coach. They forget entirely that what gave importance to the Anti-Slavery movement was that it discussed, not simply the rights or the wrongs of the African race, but a feature of the great social system, an element of Southern civilization, a portion of Southern society. You cannot take society, like a machine, to pieces, and taking out a wheel or a lever, leave all the rest in working order. Slavery has been to the South a system of labor. It has given to the South her philosophy of politics. It has been the corner-stone of her system of civil government. It has been the pivotal point around which, to a certain extent, the whole rationale of Southern life revolved.

It was not pretence when Mr. Spratt said to the Convention at Montgomery in the Fall of 1860, "The North believes in impartially making all men and all races equal before the law; and we believe in a rounded aristocracy where labor must necessarily be owned by capital, and where the ignorance of the laborer is essential to the security of the State." It was no empty boast. It was the declaration of a life-long conviction, so earnest that the South was willing to sacrifice everything and risk defeat and annihilation in the effort to preserve it. When the tramp of battle, after the surrender of Lee, left the South thoroughly annihilated as a military power, she expected, as a matter of course, that the conquering idea would inaugrate its own civilization. At that moment, in the hour of that golden opportunity, the masses and the active men of the South, the merchants, politicians, capitalists, retired men, were all ready to accept the issue of the fight they had provoked between the two civilizations. Every man who was either in Richmond, Mobile, New Orleans, or the Carolinas, in the month of May or June, testifies to the fact that the South accepted it as the defeat of her civilization and said, "All we have left is land and life, if you will grant us them; but upon terms, conditions, limitations, or arrangements, we have no voice." That was the substantial average of the public position.

When Andrew Johnson, falling back into his natural affinities—a man of low intellect, low habits, low associations—gave his right hand of fellowship and comradeship to this defeated aristocracy, the thousand brains that led the South into her error, they would have been inconsistent and false to their own faith if they had not started to their feet with the attempt to save from the wreck of war as much of the original essential idea of Southern society as they could. I believe that the South has for its object to prevent as far as possible the victim race from being recognized as a political element. I believe she rallies to-day to save, under the shell of State Sovereignty, as much of her aristocratic civilization as she can. She has not lost faith in it. She is not converted from it. Battle never converts any man. God's conversion, by lifting a generation into their graves, is the only compensation for great national errors. This generation will go to its grave believing what it did before 1860. An element therefore to be reckoned upon in all future programmes, is the dominant, bigoted, reckless, defiant, angry, revengeful white race of the South, intending to save from the aggressive waters of Northern civilization as much as possible of the Southern land which they once thought had vanished from under their feet.

(Concluded on Third Page.)

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1866.

MEPHISTOPHILES.

THE Secretary of State resorts to a new subterfuge. The late elections have alarmed him. The proposition to impeach his master warns him that the time has not yet come here to change this government, either in form or essence, into a monarchy. He sees that the people cannot be trampled under foot. The fox who cannot subdue, cheats his foe. The attempt is to be made to checkmate the Radical Republicans by cajoling their timid and conservative comrades. The President is to cultivate such a habit of silence and profess such respect for Congress and the people as will create anew the appearance that he is only a mistaken but well-meaning man. Then we are to be deluged again with that "weak, washy, everlasting flood" of "conciliation," "magnanimity"; and the Wilsons and Greeleys will be heard begging us to ignore all past facts and wait to see whether *this time* the President does not mean what he says! whether he and the party cannot find some level mean and treacherous, while plausible and fair-seeming, enough to act together on. To please this vagabond demagogue we are to yield one-half or two-thirds of what justice and national safety require, and thus secure unanimity!

The greatest peril in a fight is when your adversary steals your uniform and you can't distinguish his troops from yours. If report may be trusted, the President, finding he cannot break down Congress, intends to profess submission and a desire to co-operate. That is, finding he cannot fight—like his predecessor in office, Gen. Lee—he manœuvres for an armistice that he may recruit his forces for the great struggle of 1868. For this purpose, under advice of his Secretary of State, whose cunning seems at last to have emerged from its long eclipse, he will borrow, for awhile, some of the principles of the Republicans, *profess* lustily and give such hopeful signs of conversion that weak brothers will try to drag us back to the dead-lock of last Winter; when such men as Wilson spent so much of their strength "trying to believe," in defiance of facts, that none was left for public duty. Once let Executive professions drag us back there and we waste another year at a time when every hour lost plants a new danger. The moment the President assumes this Republican disguise and puts his followers and dupes into the same livery, we shall not know Wilson and Greeley, in their new dress, from Beecher and Doolittle. It will be impossible to distinguish Godwin from Stephens; and such mixed camps are the best fields for every base intrigue and rascally swindle which we try to hide from ourselves and the world with the respectable name of "compromise."

We call on the people to watch and beware. Mark any man who asks us to give Andrew Johnson another trial, and stamp such counsellor as dupe, lunatic, or traitor. Last Summer finished the analysis of Johnson down to the lees: hypocrite, traitor, rebel, mobocrat, demagogue, careless of men's lives when blood would serve his selfish ambition, incapable of truth, and [illegible] unable, from long habit if not from original constitution, of breathing on the high level of Sumner, Chase, Lane, Gratz Brown, Boutwell, Kelley and Stevens; and therefore obliged to sink back to that miasma where low minds, bad habits, sensual indulgence, selfish greed, and soured because disappointed ambition herd and plot against civilization and justice. Who can mistake the picture? Who venture to say that party defeat can have any effect on such a man but to awe him into silence and fresh hypocrisy? Whoever trusts Johnson deserves to be cheated. Any intelligent man who postpones a necessary measure or moulds it to secure his support or avert his opposition, wilfully sports with the nation's welfare. No man is fit to stand in Congress or conduct a public journal who does not see that in this game the President plays with loaded dice. We warn Congressmen, therefore, that whoever waits and plans, as Trumbull did last Winter, to consult and arrange with the President about measures of National safety, after this Summer's revelations, places himself exactly where that traitor stands who sent Lee the missing map of the Washington fortifications. If our leaders believe what they have been telling us, the White House is the last Southern fortress to be conquered. If they believe what they have proclaimed from Maine to St. Louis, they stultify themselves when they leave Johnson in office or vote supplies that will pass through the hands of his tools.

Johnson to-day, by his seeming submission, is playing the part Jefferson Davis and his comrades did, when they lingered in the Senate Chamber to give Toucey, and Floyd, and the conspirators time to scatter our fleet over the globe and empty our arsenals to arm the rising confederacy.

A kind Providence gave us the mad speech of February 22d and the drunken revel of the Western tour; the interval filled up with insolent, unblushing and contemptuous defiance of the nation's will and law; ample revelation and indubitable evidence of the character and purpose of the Executive.

All this, after such discipline and such professions as show that, in choosing his course, the President was obeying the irresistible law of his very nature. His hypocrisy ceased when he sunk out of the company of statesmen, and needed it no longer. Left to his Cabinet and his boon companions, the coward traitors who had lain hid in the North during the war, and the pardoned rebels whom his nature, common with theirs, attracted, magnetically, to his side—left in this crew his nature worked out unchecked. Sincere, possibly, in his inhuman theories and creed; but if he be, all the more dangerous because sincerity lends vigor to his inhumanity. We should reverently thank God for the revelation, and be warned by it. Impeach the President and suspend him from office; not as punishment, we need not attend to that. But because we want the room he occupies; in which and on which to begin those measures indispensable for the nation's safety. Trust him with no power. Trust him with no money. Never leave him again alone in Washington. As we suggested last Summer, enact that the Fortieth Congress shall meet the moment this ends. Let the purpose of the North, just proclaimed in these elections, be the inspiration, through Congress, of this government; peace and safety through justice; the Declaration of Independence our corner-stone, and every citizen's person, wealth, and freedom of speech as safe in New Orleans as in Chicago.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, which our readers ere this will have seen in other journals, is a document barren of interest, or significance, except as it is his official declaration of adherence to his "policy." As we have said elsewhere he ought not to have been allowed to present to the country, through the medium of the Congress he had proclaimed as "hanging upon the verge," another message as President of he United States,—at least not until after an impeachment trial, to which he is liable, and an honorable acquittal. Col. FORNEY, in the Philadelphia *Press*, gives the message the following notice, which is similar in tone to the general comment of the loyal press:

The President's message has produced little more impression than a sleepy editorial in the *National Intelligencer*. It is the old story of treachery disguised in some of Mr. Seward's faded rhetoric, and touched off with the cheap logic of an obsequious Attorney-General. So far from an original idea, it is the dismal iteration of rejected heresies and threadbare falsehoods—so weary that it was listened to without an apparent emotion, and at the end, and before its reading was finished, the galleries were almost cleared. Even the adherents of the President, in every case his old opponents, held to him by the ties of office or the expectation of office, have no word to say in its vindication. The great majorities in Congress treated it with open contempt, and laughed at it as an argument a thousand times refuted, and as the last feeble enunciation of a recreant who, although universally repudiated by his constituents, is still weak enough to adhere to his "policy," and vain enough to believe that any class of the people continue sincerely to favor it.

CONGRESS.

THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS reassembled on Monday last for its closing session. The proposed welcome on the part of the soldiers, and Republican and other Associations, was enthusiastically given. A significant feature of the welcoming procession was that it was largely composed of colored people. The usual message was invited from the President. In this Congress made its first false step. With a generally acknowledged liability to impeachment, without any change of purpose, as well understood before the reading of his message as after, measures for Mr. Johnson's impeachment, and prompt suspension from office, should have been first in order. Instead of this, Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, who ought to have moved for, and insisted upon the right thing, foolishly and ineffectually moved an adjournment, and members manifested their disapprobation by refusal to listen respectfully to the message, and by leaving scarcely a quorum for the formal reading.

In order to fence around the unruly Executive the House has repealed the Amnesty proviso which gave him power to pardon traitors before trial and conviction. The Senate has not yet voted upon the bill, but will probably pass it. But, as the *World* assumes, the President will of course go on pardoning indiscriminately as he pleases. So long as Congress shall leave undone that which it ought at first to have done, all its legislation, however well intended, will be in large degree baulked and vitiated. Each succeeding stage of the conflict will demonstrate that the removal of Andrew Johnson from the office he has betrayed and dishonored in the interest of treason is imperatively demanded as an essential preliminary to right reconstruction.

Mr. Sumner made a prompt but ineffectual attempt to get to a vote the House Suffrage bill for the District. He has also given notice of his intention to introduce resolutions on the subject of Reconstruction, to assert the entire control of Congress over the subject, and especially to deny the right of the rebellious States to pass upon Constitutional Amendments. Mr. Broomall, of Pennsylvania, in the House introduced the following resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 107 to 37.

Resolved, That the Committee on Territories be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill providing Territorial governments for the several districts of country formerly occupied by the once existing States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas, and giving to all adult male inhabitants born within the limits of the United States, or duly naturalized and not participants in the late rebellion, full equal political [illegible] Territorial governments.

The doctrine of this resolution, eliminating the superfluous word "male," is sound and should have been recognized and acted upon by Congress long since. We hope the large majority by which the resolution was adopted may be accepted as indicative of a purpose to commence anew, and from the foundation, the hitherto very badly managed work of Reconstruction. There is ample numerical strength in Congress to do promptly and thoroughly the work which the best interests of the country demand. There is also an excellent spirit on the part of many of the members. We think they are, however, already at sea, liable to float again to little purpose, through this, as the last session, by allowing these first days to pass without an attempt at least to impeach a President, who has become the recognized leader of the rebel hosts, and who, Mr. Boutwell strongly intimates, upon what evidence we do not know, was not unlikely in some degree accessory to the assassination of President Lincoln. They still timidly postpone, to the great injury and peril of all classes in the South, the test of strength and authority which, sooner or later, will have to be applied. They thus complicate that which would otherwise be simple, and make difficult that which would be comparatively easy.

This session of Congress should give, and the nation will expect, legal Territorial governments in the rebellious districts, and equal political and educational opportunities guaranteed to the hitherto enslaved population of the South.

THE STANDARD.

AMONG the subscriptions received for THE STANDARD within the past week is one from a gentleman in Ohio, who asks to commence with a recent number of the paper containing an important address, to which his attention had been accidentally called by receiving a package with a portion of a STANDARD wrapped around it. He was thus interested to become a subscriber. THE STANDARD has made a moderate but uniform gain in its subscription list each month during the present volume. Its circulation at this critical juncture of national affairs should, however, be largely increased. This can be achieved by some effort on the part of our friends. In this transition period, when public opinion is rapidly changing in many important particulars, there are thousands, who have hitherto known only to hate Abolitionists, to whom, if their attention was called to it, THE STANDARD would be welcome and instructive. We know, from the extent to which its articles are copied and commented upon in our exchanges from different parts of the country, and from letters expressive of hearty interest, that there was never a period in which the influence of this journal, as representing the Abolitionists, was more potential for good, as there was never a period in which its radical, uncompromising influence was more needed. We invite our readers each to send us, as with a little effort can easily be done, one or more new subscribers, before the close of the holiday season, and thus render timely and efficient service to THE STANDARD and the cause it represents.

A CONVENTION, under the auspices of the American Equal Rights Association, will be held this (Thursday) evening at the Cooper Institute, to be continued to-morrow (Friday) at 10 a.m., and at 7 1-2 p.m. Among the speakers will be Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Parker Pillsbury, Col. Charles E. Moss of Missouri, Charles Lenox Remond, Frances D. Gage, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, H. B. Blackwell, Rev. Olympia Brown, and others. The admission to evening sessions will be twenty-five cents, except to working women, who will be supplied with complimentary tickets on application at the rooms of the Workingwomen's Protective Union, No. 80 White street. Morning session free. This Convention, like that recently held at Albany, is designed to awaken an interest in behalf of the abolition of the property qualification for colored voters, and for the enfranchisement of women, by the forthcoming State Constitutional Convention. Those announced to address the meetings are able, eloquent and thoroughly competent speakers. We hope they may be greeted with large and appreciative audiences. We invite attention, also, to a notice elsewhere announcing conventions to be held at Utica, Rochester, and Syracuse, the present month.

WE again surrender a large portion of our space to the proceedings of the Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. The addresses we present this week will possess special interest to our readers.

BROOKLYN FRATERNITY LECTURES.—Frederick Douglass, Plymouth Church, Monday evening, Dec. 17th. Subject: "Sources of Danger to the Republic."

WE have on hand numerous contributions from correspondents, which, for the present, we are obliged to defer. Some of those, not out of date from the delay, we shall hope to find room for in later issues.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Cheever, on Thanksgiving day, preached a very earnest and eloquent discourse in behalf of suffrage for colored men. We shall print a synopsis of the discourse next week.

William Cullen Bryant, the distinguished poet, and editor of the New York *Evening Post*, left last week for Paris with his daughter Julia. Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, and associate editor, is also at Paris; so that, with ex-Minister Bigelow, the whole editorial force of the *Evening Post* is now abroad.

Mr. W. J. Linton, of Brantwood, England, has arrived in this city, where he will spend a brief period, and afterward travel somewhat extensively through the States. Mr. Linton is a skilful artist and a literary man, and is also a true friend of impartial liberty in England and in our own country. He has written very effectively in condemnation of the infamous Jamaica butchery.

Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper announces, in another column, two new lectures which she is prepared to deliver before lyceums. Mrs. Harper is an eloquent and very effective speaker, and we commend her card to the attention of the managers of lyceums, and also to such friends of impartial freedom in different localities as are desirous of instructive and eloquent lectures.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, on Sunday morning last, preached a sermon of marked ability and eloquence upon the doctrine of "Brotherly Love." He concluded the discourse as follows:

"Is it a doctrine of denial, of crucifixion, of asceticism? Is it a doctrine of loss? Indeed, it is not. It is a doctrine of gain. In a word, there is no such thing as self-sacrifice, in the vulgar sense. It is impossible for a man nobly to lose himself. It is impossible nobly to throw one's self away—to give one's self to the world for nothing. He cannot do it. The return inevitably comes in. He gets most who gives most. He who goes out of himself a little way for others, finds all others thronging in to him. Make a hole for love in the bottom of your flower-pot, and in rush the telluric currents—in rushes God. The New York hackman drives a wounded soldier up town for nothing, losing, as he supposes, his fare—willing to lose it, happy to lose it—rejoicing in the tribulation of going home a dollar poorer, a thought richer. He goes out of himself to that small extent; and through the breach that he makes for his kindness to go out, in marches the Governor of Massachusetts with a benediction and a file of passengers, I warrant, long enough to fill a train of carriages. The Christ gave all he had for mankind, and mankind have been washing his feet with tears ever since. He let his soul out through a spear-wound, and the adoring millions of Christendom have been crowding through that spear wound as if it was the avenue to a temple. Self-denial, pure self-denial for love, is but self-assertion on a higher plane. Self-renunciation is self-demanding. You refuse tripe, because you wish ambrosia; you decline beer, because you thirst for nectar; you consent to wear old clothes, because you prefer seeing new clothes on other people; you forego your dinner, because you have greater satisfaction in seeing dinner on some poor man's table; you die; because to give other people life is dearer to you than to keep life yourself. You cannot be good, perhaps, and have the plum-cake too; so you give up the plum-cake.

"People talk about the pain of sacrifice. They smear the cross with blood; they paint the crucified with livid countenance, stiff lips, eyes dry with sorrow; but nobody ever made a sacrifice without confessing it to be the happiest thing he ever did. Nobody ever let his life run out in free human love, without being in an ecstacy. It is a privilege of the angels to have mercy rise so high that it brims over, and goes trickling away to feed beggars. To have so much humility that it cannot contain itself, but will give all for love, is bliss almost too deep for mortals. As the greatest boon he can bestow, the Christ, on the eve of his death, promises his *joy* to his disciples. Of course, you do not understand this; I do not understand it; very few people do understand it; it is the great mystery. Still it is profoundly and literally true. Some of us understand the delight of communicating thought; more of us understand the delight of communicating pleasure; more still understand the delight of communicating life to offspring. Guess from these the delight they have who communicate goodness; who give their souls; who pour out their being, even though it be through the flood-gates of death."

RECONSTRUCTION.

BY R. P. HALLOWELL.

THE question of Reconstruction as popularly discussed is a mere question of policy which, when settled in the minds of legislators and politicians, can be carried out as readily as the construction of the Pacific Railroad, the line of that road being decided upon. The Constitutional Amendment once ratified and the work is completed, argues your timid Republican. Give us impartial suffrage and the South may safely resume her former political status, says the *Tribune*, while universal suffrage is, in the minds of many, not a few Abolitionists, the panacea of our political ills. The amendment is at best a swindle, so palpable that its authors are fast being shamed into a desertion of it and impartial suffrage is so clearly, in its practical effects, a restoration of power to rebels, that it bids fair to be, if it is not already, the rallying cry of the copperhead party. Universal suffrage in our opinion will be powerless to protect the loyal black and will be very insufficient security against a second effort to overthrow the government. South Carolina in the Union, with or without paper guarantees, will defy Massachusetts. She will claim her right to regulate her domestic institutions in her own way, and *she will do it;* admit her *now*, restore her to her former position as a State and no matter to what she pledges herself, the anti-slavery movement is retarded almost as much as legislation can retard it. True reconstruction, consists in the introduction of Northern ideas, the school mistress, lyceum lecturer, public library, the Northern trader, farmer, mechanic; in the creation of a public sentiment that will not simply permit the negro to vote, but will put him into the jury box, into the State Legislature, into the United States Senate. Until public opinion approximates to this standard, it will be very dangerous to readmit the South. Congress must legislate for her until the people, black and white, are educated; until Northern civilization has supplanted Southern barbarism; so long as the government retains its present power, the work of regeneration can proceed, schools can be established, free speech and a free press practically guaranteed, but we venture to predict that in twelve months, in six months from the day a South Carolina Senator takes his seat at Washington, the political equal of Charles Sumner, the agents of the Freedmen's Aid Societies will be driven to their Northern homes and the negro will be under the heel of his old master. The dominant race will rule. Paper guarantees are worthless, the law is a dead letter, under our form of government, unless there is a public sentiment to enforce it. The work of reconstruction must be a work not of months, but of years, for it involves the reorganization of the *social* structure. The war was a war between two ideas; slavery went to the wall with the hand of liberty upon her throat; let it not be removed until the enemy is strangled beyond resuscitation.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, December 2d, 1866.

THE result of our arrangement for free public salt-water baths in this city has just been published. Six establishments of this sort were kept in operation four months, from the beginning of June to the end of September. In that time 433,000 baths have been taken, the entire average expense having been but four cents for each person. Next year a very much larger number may be expected to use this provision for health and comfort; and then, the buildings being already provided, it is expected that the city's expense for baths will be less than half-a-cent for each person using them. Surely health is cheaper than sickness—to say nothing of its other advantages.

Professor Agassiz's course of lectures on Brazil, before the Lowell Institute, have contained many interesting details about fish, and we receive them with the confident trust which his well-known accuracy inspires. Nevertheless, the following story, which he tells, sounds very like that different class of narratives which have received the name of fish-stories. A sportsman on the banks of the Amazon fired at a parrot perched in a tree, and brought down not only the bird at which he aimed, but a fish. This is a tough statement. Sir Thomas Browne might have believed it, however, on the very ground he himself states for his faith in a certain theological proposition—"because it is impossible." The boys in my time used to quote, as the saying of some itinerant preacher, that a sinner could no more get to heaven without repentance, than a shad could climb a smooth-barked apple-tree tail-foremost. Professor Agassiz claims for his Brazilian fish, however, only the power of climbing trees with a very rough bark. They are so constituted as to the breathing apparatus, as to be able to live a considerable time out of water, and they actually make excursions of business or pleasure on land. He himself has found them living and moving at a distance of miles from their native river.

At the close of his very interesting and largely attended Lowell lectures, Professor Agassiz took occasion to declare his opinion upon some controverted points of natural science. One of these statements was his entire unbelief of the theory which assumes men to have been gradually developed from monkeys. One reason for this strange theory has been the resemblance of some of the larger apes to man, in some particulars. But these (the Orang-Outang, the Chimpanzee and the Gorilla) are as thoroughly four-handed animals as any of their smaller brethren. All the monkeys and apes are as distinctly four-handed as the horse is four-footed; all the varieties of man, on the contrary, besides the possession of intellect and varied speech, have two hands and two feet. Mr. Agassiz further stated that the researches of science point rather to several separate and independent creations, alike of animals and men, than to that single and only creation of which tradition informs us.

I mentioned to you not long since the series of "distinctively aggressive sermons" now in progress, and to be continued through the Winter, at the Church of the Advent. Its rector probably anticipates that ultimately everybody will sing their prayers instead of saying them, and that High Church ritualism will displace all other forms of worship. On the other hand, the liberal and learned clergyman who has just closed a course of lectures in favor of Unitarianism, declared his firm conviction that, a hundred years hence, either liberal Christianity would be the universal faith, or there would be *no* religion. Theologians tell us of the "unfulfilled prophecies." In my judgment many prophecies have been made which are *never* to be fulfilled, and the list goes on increasing; and among this class will assuredly be found all that assume the attainment of uniformity [illegible] in regard to matters of opinion. You may as well expect the similarity of all men's face, or stature, or taste, or appetite, as of their thoughts.

Our political newspapers of various classes are trying so to adjust themselves as to retain the possibility of identification with the winning side. It is pleasant to hear the *Post* express its firm belief that "the desire of the people is for a speedy restoration of the Union without an effort to degrade or oppress the millions of citizens who live South of Mason and Dixon's line." Considering that no efforts have ever been made to degrade or oppress Southern citizens except by the party to which the *Post* belongs, and that the opposite party are now striving to elevate and benefit the Southern people, black and white, by the introduction of free schools and equal laws among them, we take the above expression of opinion as a good omen; and we trust that all the *Post's* pro-slavery allies will see the advantage, not only of reconciling themselves to the situation, but of giving active aid to the reform now in progress. Cheer up, Democratic friends; you have not committed the unpardonable sin; there is yet a chance for you to repent and amend; but remember, if you hope to make money by amendment, that the time is short. Eleventh-hour men do not get full wages in these days.

Now that the fate of our nation so obviously turns upon its adoption or rejection of a course of policy distinctively Christian (namely, voluntary help to the weak and suffering), it is pleasant to see the republication, in an attractive form, of a book suited to bring this style of action to our remembrance, and impress it on our souls. I refer to James Russell Lowell's admirable poem "Sir Launfal," which has now been brought out in elegant form, suitable for a Christmas or New Year's gift. In this case the "illustrations" are graceful and appropriate, serving to help rather than hinder the sentiment of the poem. Whittier's "Maud Muller," and Longfellow's "Flower-de-luce," with the great majority of "illustrated" books, have been less fortunate. Since it is possible for pictures to be also poems, and to seize the attention and touch the heart not less than the choicest verbal expressions of thought and feeling, it is a great pity that more care is not taken to have the best possible drawings and engravings secured for the illustration of books of the highest order. The artist needs more time than is generally taken for the adequate expression of his thought; and he should not be made to feel that slight and hasty work pays better than that which is conscientious and thorough.

A case in our Superior Court has just given a curious illustration of one of the peculiarities of law. Patrick Stanton brought an action against the Metropolitan Railroad Company for damages for injuries suffered from being violently thrown from one of their cars, on which he was riding, through the carelessness of their agents. To this the defendants objected, not by rebutting the charge of carelessness, but by declaring the plaintiff not entitled to recover because he was riding in the defendant's car *on the Sabbath*, and thus was committing an illegal act under the old statute providing that whoever travels on the Lord's day, except from necessity or for charity, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $10 for each offence. On this ground Judge Ames ordered a verdict for the defendants, deciding that the plaintiff,—riding without necessity on that day, was *not lawfully* riding, and the verdict was so rendered.

If the plaintiff in this case has pluck and money, this will be a good opportunity to try the constitutionality of the Puritan statute in question. The coolness of the defendants in offering the illegality of their own occupation as a reason for not taking proper care of their passengers reminds me of the case of a London vintner, who, when prosecuted for selling wine without a license, escaped by proving, to the satisfaction of the Court, that the liquor which he sold as wine was made in his own establishment, and that there was not a particle of the juice of the grape in it.

The extreme variety of opinion existing as to Sabbatical obligations and observances was signally illustrated in the "Church Congress" held two months ago at York, England. At one of its sessions, the Archbishop of York being in the chair, the Bishop of Ripon read an elaborate paper on "The Obligation and due Observance of the Sabbath." He declared that institution a part of the moral law, and thus immutable, and eternally and universally binding. He said [contradicting the obvious fact] that "the fourth commandment defines with precision the proportion of time which is to be hallowed, *but leaves indefinite the particular day.* . . . This being admitted, little need be said in vindication of the transference of the Sabbath, under the Christian dispensation, to the first day of the week." He claimed, however, that works of necessity and mercy might be done on that day under the Gospel at least as freely as under the law.

After the expression of various opinions by other members of the Congress, lay and clerical, on the subject of discussion, Archdeacon Denison declared his belief that the richer classes were more censurable than the poorer for misconduct on the Sabbath. The close of his remarks however indicated a different opinion from that of the Bishop of Ripon as to what *is* misconduct on Sunday. He concluded by giving an anecdote which he had heard the previous day, and which had made a great impression upon him. Some young gentlemen of Winchester had gone to the parish of Hurley (the Rev. John Keble's) on a Sunday afternoon. When they got there they said, "Dear me, where are all the people?" They called a poor little child left at home to take care of her sick brother, and were told they had all gone to church. The young men said, "We'll wait till they come out," and they did so; and then they saw the people all streaming down the village street towards a particular field. They asked where they were going, and were told that they had gone to play at cricket; and—added Archdeacon Denison—"I should have gone too, to play at cricket." The London *Examiner* tells us that "Loud Applause" followed this declaration.

4th. An address was delivered last evening before the Impartial Suffrage League at the Tremont Temple, by Hon. Andrew J. Hamilton, late Provisional Governor of Texas. His subject was "Suffrage and Reconstruction; the Duty of the People, the President, and Congress." He thought that the constitutional clause recognizing the right of the States to prescribe the qualifications of voters ought by no means to be considered as settling the whole question of suffrage. We know that many States, loyal as well as rebel, are disposed to keep one class of their citizens in a state of disfranchisement. A public prejudice, resulting from slavery, has caused general acquiescence in this disqualification. But if the States have supreme power in this matter, they may proceed to disqualify other classes and impose restrictions on the ballot which will greatly limit the use of it. The remedy for abuses of this sort is in the hands of Congress, through the provision in the 4th Section of the 4th Article, that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government." And, the disqualification of colored people being no more just and reasonable, and no more consonant with republicanism, than that of any other class, Congress should without delay take measures to rectify this abuse, and prevent the imposition of tests so unjust and so impossible to satisfy as the requisition that a man must be white before he can vote.

Gov. Hamilton maintained the right of every citizen of the United States to *claim* suffrage. He thought the Constitutional Amendment not a sufficient protection for the rights of loyal citizens of the South. As to universal amnesty, it would be dangerous as well as erroneous. It was a crime to let the rebellion and its consequences pass away without inflicting *some* retributive penalties upon those who planned and perpetrated it; and even so much amnesty as has already been granted has cost the lives of more than five thousand innocent men since the rebel armies were disbanded.

At the close of his address of more than two hours, Gov. Hamilton said that one of the most important of the present duties of the people was to protect the nation from the spirit of rebellion yet existing undiminished in the South. To this end Congress ought either to provide military governors for the rebel States, or to pass an enabling act for the establishment of civil government there. It should also take from the estates of rebels, land enough to give permanent homesteads to the freedmen; it should also prevent the President from giving and selling pardons and indulgences to rebels; and, finally, it should take measures to secure life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the right of suffrage to every citizen, not a criminal, North and South.

These sentiments were warmly cheered by the audience. Indeed, it is most gratifying and hopeful to find, as a general thing, that the most radical sentiments on reform receive the heartiest applause from the hands of Boston audiences.

NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, December 2, 1866.

THE first lecture of the course instituted by the Social and Civil Association of Colored People was delivered by the Hon. George S. Boutwell, on Friday evening last. I believe it is the first time this gentleman has spoken in Philadelphia. His subject was "Policy and Justice in Public Affairs."

You know Mr. Boutwell's position. He is among the foremost as a representative of Radicalism in political action. His speech indicated that he is a man of thorough convictions, entertaining an earnest and absolute faith in what he communicates. There was nothing equivocal in his hearty and healthful utterances. His words were full of meaning, and had nothing in them kindred to timidity, or bearing the impress of uncertainty. He is one of Andrew Johnsons most zealous foes.

Mr. Boutwell scorned the fatal doctrine involving the concession of "universal amnesty" as an offset to "impartial suffrage." He likewise denounced the notion of establishing a writing and reading qualification for voters in the South. "I agree entirely," said he "to the proposition that a man who can read is better qualified thereby to take part in the government of the country; but it does not follow, therefore, that you are to exclude all men who cannot read. Reading is an art. It is the result of education. But many men may be very well qualified to participate in the government who cannot read; and our exigencies are such that we cannot afford to apply this rule in the South. Our interests are such that if a test of this sort can be properly applied elsewhere, it cannot safely be applied in the Southern States. We might with equal reason have applied it to the colored people during the war, when we invited them to take their places in the national army. We wanted their services then in the suppression of the rebellion; now we want their votes for the purpose of restraining the rebellion, and, to some extent, to counterbalance the influence of the rebels."

The subject of "impeachment" claimed a fair share of the speaker's attention. He believes that if Andrew Johnson has been guilty of misdemeanor in office, or of any offence that renders him liable to impeachment, he ought not to go unpunished. "I know," said he, "that the removal of the chief magistrate by impeachment is a grave matter, but it will be a graver one for you, for the people of this country, if it shall ever happen, that the chief magistrate, guilty of an impeachable offence, shall have escaped. It will not be a misfortune to this country if he shall be deprived of office, after having been arraigned, tried, and found guilty. It will teach all men who hereafter aspire to the Presidential chair, that there are certain acts which cannot safely be done. It will teach all men who may occupy that chair that they cannot safely declare that Congress is only "a body hanging on the verge of the government." It will teach every future President that he cannot even suggest to the people of this country, under any circumstances, that it were possible for him to have made himself dictator, or pass the question to the people whether he could or could not be King."

Mr. Boutwell's remarks concerning impeachment and the great question of universal suffrage, met with cordial responses of approbation on the part of the audience.

The next lecture in this course will be given by Frederick Douglass on the third of January.

Henry Vincent gave two lectures last week in the Academy of Music. On the first occasion he was introduced to the audience by Col. Forney, and on the second by Judge Kelley. Each of these gentlemen made appropriate remarks commendatory of the friendship and noble services of Mr. Vincent during our late struggle, indicating the gratitude we owe him and the few true Englishmen that faithfully espoused our cause during that dark period. It was gratifying to see such large audiences as assembled to hear this eloquent champion of human liberty. His lectures were funds of entertainment, profit and instruction. He spoke like one whose soul is all aglow with love of the highest freedom. His ze

when sweet liberty will reign untrammeled, and the earth smile with the beneficent triumph of light, joy and beauty.

Thanksgiving day was observed here in the customary way. Business was suspended and the churches thrown open. John Chambers, poor John Chambers, a clergyman living here, and so well known as a notorious sympathizer of the South, now and hitherto, and having such a bitter antipathy to all those measures that involve progress and reform, and especially to the full extension of rights to the black man, complained of the indifference of the people to the purposes of the day. He judged, of course, by the meagre number that were gathered at his own church. "We find to-day," says a newspaper report of his sermon, "even under the call of the President of the United States, and of the Governor of the Commonwealth, and of the municipal authorities, we cannot get people to come to a place of worship, to acknowledge the favors they have received, and render their thanksgivings to the bountiful Giver." It is a healthy sign of the times when this copperhead preacher complains of his empty pews. It is good to know that he is so little relished. Mr. Furness and Mr. Brooks have no such murmur to divulge. They are radical preachers, and the people flocked to hear them, knowing they would hear Radical utterances. On such occasions Mr. Furness devotes the hour to the sacred cause of humanity and justice. No feeble sound issues from his eloquent lips. It is all about freedom and truth, the nation's welfare, and the nation's progress, the duties and the rights of all. So it was with Phillips Brooks. His glowing words were melody to the good man's ears. Earnest, outspoken, forcible was his speech, and that creature's heart must be of stone that could resist impression by his solid words of chastisement and appeal.

I cannot close this letter without referring to the salutary effect of Mr. Phillips's great lecture here, and of his presence at the Convention. You cannot estimate the full worth thereof, and the good influence exerted where it will still further avail. Many who had the opportunity and pleasure of hearing him for the first time have wisely outgrown their cherished hostility, and are now reconciled to the advanced stand-point, indicating an outspoken, and in some instances, even a fervent approval of that gentleman's most ultra opinions. Lips that hitherto breathed mild anathemas now utter praise.

One of our daily papers had been in the habit of speaking adversely to the course of Mr. Phillips. It entertained for him no friendly thought, and spoke no word of accord. The day after his grand lecture in the Academy its leading editorial was headed, "Radicalism the Doctrine of the Hour." The writer had caught inspiration from the orator's lips, and filled with the glow of enthusiasm and honest conviction, lauded his "clear, ultra-radical utterances." Referring to the address, the writer says, "It goes farther than any man has dared to go; yet how rapidly the people are being educated up to that standard, the tremendous applause that greeted his doctrines best attests." The writer goes on to say that among our public men who occupy an anomalous position, General Grant stands prominent. "Had the General heard the reception with which the caustic review of his course delivered by Mr. Phillips was listened to, he might see the folly of trying to ride two horses, running in opposite directions. * * * * The rock on which the nation is fast planting itself is that of universal equality to all; and whomsoever falleth upon it shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder."

All these wholesome indications of progress and courage are gratifying. Slowly we move onward. Nearer and nearer we approach the sublime advent of right and justice in all their force, in their completeness. Hope strengthens each day. Toil makes its best promise sure. W.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, December 3, 1866.

THE closing session of the Thirty-ninth Congress commences at noon to-day, and expires, by constitutional limitation, on the Fourth of March next. To its discussions and decisions are committed some of the most momentous national — nay, world-embracing — issues it was ever the privilege of any deliberative body to pass upon. Timid, halting, irresolute—not to apply harsher epithets—as that body was last December, in face of the menacing perils wherewith audacious Executive usurpation and treachery confronted the nation, will they rise to the eminence of real, broad, comprehensive statesmanship, now that the heart and conscience of the nation have spoken to them that they "go forward?" Will this Congress legislate for man as man, and for all time, rather than to merely secure a popular majority for an ephemeral party? Will they probe to the very bottom the foul excrescences upon the body politic, inoculated in the ten Southern territories by Andrew Johnson from the old slavery virus? In a word, will they begin at the beginning of Southern "reconstruction," and lay the foundation of the new nation so deep and so strong that nor treason, nor corruption, nor stolid ignorance, in their maddest assaults, can expose them to the slightest strain? Verily, I begin to hope! The tone and temper of the quite large number of members who had arrived up to last night, is excellent. The inspiration of the immense enthusiastic and Radical constituencies, backed by "thumping majorities," as John Forsythe, of Mobile, half angrily puts it, is wonderfully electric. Knees which had a chronic weakness and a constant tendency to vibrate, have been radically and, I think, permanently stiffened. Spinal weaknesses of long standing, once so lamentably prevalent, have been, apparently, totally removed. Indeed, there are several members now here whose well-known individualities I have with difficulty recognized while passing upon the sidewalks, so different do they appear in stature and carriage from the effects of a vigorous bracing of the vertebral column. Of course I cannot tell what "compromises" with Johnson Messrs. Chase, Greeley, and those who act and think with them, may finally succeed in seducing Congress to accept, in spite of the lessons of the past year, in order to defraud the loyal people of the ripe results of their enormous sacrifices and labors; but my judgment is, that this Congress is much wiser, if not any better, than it was one year ago, and will not be very easily susceptible to the manipulations of the half-hearted men who have repeatedly failed the country when she had most need of their faith and courage.

And this leads me to thank you, Mr. Editor, for your sharp, pointed, but truthfully just characterization of Horace Greeley, in your speech at Philadelphia. I was impulsively in hopes Mr. Greeley might be Senator from New York; but when I saw it authoritatively announced that Mr. Johnson desired the election of Mr. Greeley, I was alarmed and surprised, and I began to recall the manifold inconsistencies and tergiversations of this remarkable man since the early days of 1860. I need not recount them; they are, alas! familiar to every reader of THE STANDARD. But when he, only a few days ago, declared in favor of universal amnesty, even if impartial suffrage could not *at present* be obtained, I remembered Mr. Seward's famous characterization of him as but too correct. "Mr. Greeley," said Mr. Seward, "is a remarkable man—a man of real genius—and if he had a particle of common sense, we would have to hang him; but he is a d—d fool, and so he is harmless." Barring the profanity, which is a bad habit of the Secretary, that opinion of his is the only *recent* one that the people and history will be likely to record of Mr. Greeley. You of New York must look to it that you do not put "H. G." into a place where he can, by a political vote, impede the great work he has done so much—perhaps more than any one man living—to help forward. Mr. Greeley has at last put himself almost completely in the position of Mr. Beecher, and with just as much effect upon the mind and purpose of the nation. Mr. Beecher could not carry one in a thousand of the men he aroused and educated with him in his extraordinary aberration; no more can Mr. Greeley. Men and women will still imbibe whatever is good, and great, and noble in the *Tribune*, and instinctively reject its vagaries, its follies, and its criminal lapses from its most forcible utterances. Powerful as is the *Tribune* for good, it is comparatively powerless for evil. Let us thank God for that. The great American mind is becoming saturated with the great American ideas, and depends upon no one man, and trusts no one man, or set of men, with its leadership. Men are but straws upon the mighty tide of national progress. If they swim with it, well and good; but if they undertake to swim against it, the spectacle is extremely ludicrous. Therefore, you must keep Mr. Greeley still at the head of his *Tribune, maugre* his vagaries. Don't spoil a good editor in the making of an unreliable, untrustworthy Senator—at least, *now*. When we have settled these dangerous problems of reconstruction as they should be settled; when we have finally got rid of the White House rebel, and installed in his seat a man fresh from and true to the people; when "peace has returned *to stay;*" when questions of tariffs, and agriculture, and education, and mail facilities, and *mileage*, are the supine topics of the hour, *then* send Horace Greeley to the Senate. *Then* he can do us no harm, and knows how to do much, very much—none more—good.

The President told a Republican member, a day or two ago, as I hear, that he should "be with Congress hereafter," or words to that effect. And it is said that a number of members intend to call upon him at an early day, to have "a friendly talk and consultation." He who believes in the first, or hopes anything of the second, has faith which puts to shame the "mustard-seed" spoken of by the Saviour. What member of Congress does not remember the score of minor treacheries and violations of public and plighted promises on the part of the Executive? Let them beware of the man of whom the assassin Booth begged an interview eight hours previous to the murder of Lincoln! Let them remember that "it is his fault who betrays me once; but if he betrays me the second time, it is my fault."

Mr. Baldwin, M.C., from the Worcester, Mass., district, is here, and has already been the subject of the urbane courtesies of the "old residents," in the shape of good dinners and other et ceteras. Do you know why such a Radical, who is instructed by his constituents to vote for impeachment of the President, is so suddenly popular with the political Bourbons and soreheads of the old *regime?* I will confide to you the secret. It is this: Mr. Baldwin is a member of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, and is supposed, justly, to have some influence in settling the question of "nigger suffrage" here. Mr. Baldwin eats their dinners, drinks their wines (if he be not a temperance man), and patiently listens to their eloquent dissertations in regard to the disastrous effects upon the business and real estate of the city which would be entailed by negro suffrage! But I really think that Mr. Baldwin will pay as much heed to the voice of his constituents and the demands of justice as to the pleading of the venomous secessionists and copperheads who have heretofore, like their master, the President, exhausted the whole vocabulary of abuse and billingsgate upon Congress, in this connection. And I may further tell you, that the same course of treatment adopted in Mr. Baldwin's case, is being followed in the case of some of the other members of the District Committee. What a waste of dinners and dessert, and what an elevated range of statesmanship this little fact discloses.

OBSERVER.

STATE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE following able Address to the people of this State, from the pen of PARKER PILLSBURY, was unanimously adopted by the late Convention at Albany. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of our readers in the Empire State.

APPEAL

TO THE MEN AND WOMEN OF NEW YORK.

Your State is to hold a Convention during the coming year to revise its Constitution, and the American Equal Rights Association proposes a series of meetings and other operations to induce such changes in the conditions of suffrage as will remove all distinctions on account of color or sex. And it is confidently hoped and believed, that every friend of impartial justice and liberty will give a cheerful and hearty co-operation in the work. The Eighteenth Century gave the world the Declaration of Independence, the war of the Revolution, and the Constitution of the United States; but only in the light of the Nineteenth are these sublime phenomena to be interpreted for us. From the government, the civilization, and religion of Great Britain, we derived our chattel slave system; but it survived the pen of Jefferson, the sword of Washington and the wisdom, humanity, and statesmanship of the founders and framers of the government; and until far louder thunders than Bunker Hill and Saratoga dashed it to the ground, and almost whelmed the government itself with it in a common ruin, and the terrible lessons of this last war for freedom will all be in vain, should we now attempt to relay our foundations in injustice and oppression. Out of the jaws of rebellion and treason was the nation snatched by the hand of negro valor. And thus surely has that race earned the right to full citizenship and equality in the State. Even Jefferson declared, more than half a century ago, that whoever "fights and pays taxes" has the right of suffrage against the world. But the right of humanity—of manhood, is older and of higher and diviner appointment than any other. If the right of liberty and the pursuit of happiness be the gift and endowment of the Creator, then surely is the right to the ballot the only possible or conceivable assurance and guaranty of it in republican governments. And on this ground the claim of woman is no less than that of man. But base and degrading as has been the position of the negro in the government of the State of New York, that of woman is far below even his. At no price, within human power to pay, can she arrive at equality of action in making or executing the government she is compelled to support and obey. In the making or executing of no law, however deeply her womanly interest or happiness may be involved, can she bear a part. She is found guilty, not of a crime, not of a color, but of a sex; and all her appeals to courts or communities for equality and justice, are in vain, even in this democratic and Christian Republic. She is a native, free-born citizen, a property-holder, tax-payer, loyal and patriotic. She supports herself, and in proportionable part, the schools, colleges, universities, churches, poor-houses, jails, prisons, the army, the navy, the whole machinery of government; and yet she has no vote at the polls, no voice in the National councils. She has guided great movements of philanthropy and charity; has founded and sustained churches; established missions; edited journals, written and published invaluable treatises on history and economy; political, social, and moral; and on philosophy in all its departments; filled honorably Professors' chairs; governed nations; led armies; commanded ships; discovered and described new planets; and patiently explored the whole realm of scientific research; and yet because, in life's allotment, she is female, not male; woman, not man; the curse of inferiority cleaves to her through all her generations. Eden's dire anathema was to be removed on the coming of the second Adam; and in the new dispensation there was to be neither male nor female. Jewish outlawry from all the nations, continuing through almost twenty centuries, is repealed by common consent among all civilized governments. Nor does the curse of eternal attainder longer blast the Ethiopian race to degradation and slavery through Canaan's sin. But where shall woman look for her redemption in this auspicious hour, when new dawnings of liberty, new surmises of human enfranchisement are illumining the world. A man once said, "Where liberty is, there is my country," but on what continent or island, or in what vast wilderness shall woman find a nationality where she shall be taxed to support no government she did not aid in making, obey no law she did not help to enact, nor suffer any penalty until adjudged, by a jury, in part, at least, of her peers? True, her privileges in this State have been, after a long struggle and conflict, enlarged and increased. Like the Southern freedmen, she has had her civil rights bill. But all this is compatible with the Dred Scott decision itself. The power that gives can take away; but of that power woman is no part. Mr. Sumner says, "The ballot is the one thing needful to the emancipated slave." Without it, he declares, his liberty is but an illusion, a jack o' lantern which he will pursue in vain. Without the ballot, he reiterates, the slave becomes only sacrifice. And shall it not also be pre-eminently so with woman? Formed by Almighty power a little lower than the angels, her ruling lords and masters have, by legislative prescription, plunged her not a little, but immeasurably below myriads of the vilest of the human race, whose only boast or claim is, that for some reason they were so constituted to stand men in the tables of the census. In the American Equal Rights Association, it is determined to prosecute an agitation which shall wake the nation to new consciousness to the injustice long inflicted and still suffered through prescriptive distinctions on account of sex and complexion. To the industrial, hard-toiling, property-producing, family-supporting women of New York, the appeal will be made to come to the rescue of their own long-lost rights. The angel of a Constitutional Convention is soon to stir the waters. Let all who need healing hasten to the baptism. Nor is it one of the least cheering signs that multitudes of the intelligent women of the country are fast waking to a full consciousness of the wrongs they suffer. Even the war has taught invaluable lessons on the dignity and worth of woman in a thousand new spheres. Our Florence Nightingales have not been one, but many — yea, thousands. Woman, as well as the freedmen, saved the nation in its hour of peril, and invested herself with new dignity demanding new distinction. Now emphatically is her hour. But no comparison need be instituted, none surely should be urged, as to whose is the paramount claim. The great clock of humanity has struck the hour, and its tones are ringing across the continents, reverberating as well among the Alps as the Alleghanies, and mingling sweet music in both the hemispheres. We in New York hear and gladly obey the summons. We are coming to the rescue of justice and right, girded with the panoply of a divine and holy cause, and Omnipotence is pledged in our behalf. We propose to organize Equal Rights clubs or committees in every city, town and village, to hold meetings for discussions and lectures, to circulate tracts and petitions, and to raise funds to enable the Association to carry forward its work for educating the popular sentiment. We shall endeavor to enlist the pulpit and press. Truth, justice, reason, humanity, must and will triumph. Already a host is on our side, and our principles can never be defeated. The prospect before us is full of encouragement, and we confidently submit our enterprise to the heart and hand of a waiting and expectant people.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

(Continued from Second Page.)

How are these men to be overcome? Not politically. This is primarily a social revolution. You must plant at the South the elements which make a different society. You cannot enact an ignorant man, the child of an ignorant father, and ignorant grandfather, and an ignorant great grandfather, with the consciousness of having held a lower rank for six centuries, into equality. You cannot enact four millions of slaves, ignorant, down-trodden, and despised, into personal equals of the old leaders of the South. It is to be done gradually. They are to see their own manhood developed. They are to recognize in their own skull, the equal of any industry they see. They are themselves to master the problem of intellect. By their own thrift they are to amass that great pedestal of all recognition, wealth. They are to develop into the position of equality. But that takes time. How is it to be done? By covering them with the hot-house culture of as prompt recognition, intellectual, moral, and social, as possible; by surrounding them with a Northern emigration of men recognizing labor as a title of equality, and not as degradation; by Northern capital going there to build up the State on the basis of enterprise, brains, energy, manhood; by raising colleges and schools around them; by a civilization deserving the name, blotting out the past.

I do not mean that the barbarous and semi-savage Philadelphian is to go down—barbarous, because Philadelphia recognises only one race, and, Chinese-like, has a wall of exclusion against everything which is not pure Caucasian. Like the islander of the Pacific, she thinks no race perfect but her own. Savage, barbarous, narrow-minded, half-developed, she has not yet begun even to rise to the level of true civilization. The North herself does not believe her own doctrine, in the true sense of belief; she does not practise it. Therefore our means of initiating the social problem are imperfect. We have not the civilization itself.

I like the atmosphere of Leghorn; I can breathe easy in Rome; because around me I see every costume, every creed, every habit of country or climate, black and white, tawny and copper, the flowing robe of the Oriental and the iron-cut habiliament of stiff England and ourselves. And I see there no man denying the right of any other man to tread the highway, or to use the hotel, the church, or the college. I felt I was in a truly civilized city when, in Paris, a Baltimore student of medicine said to his professor, "Sir, right by my seat is a man as black as the ace of spades, and it annoys me; we are not used to that sort of thing at home;" "Well," said the professor, "you are at liberty to stay away." It was a fitting rebuke to the uneducated and semi-barbarous civilization of our own land.

The North, therefore, is not a pattern for the development of the social problem. But God sets it to be done, and it must be done. It cannot but be done slowly. It must come gradually. Mr. Greeley says, "Give the negro the ballot, based on civil rights, that he may buy land; and then let us back out of South Carolina, and let her build a stone wall, 100 feet high, of State Sovereignty between you; and let us leave the black alone to fight the battle for himself." Leave him alone? We would have been very glad to do that thirty years ago, if we could give him the ballot; but we have a stronger right to-day, and we can do more. We can make this social problem move with the speed of lightning, by the right arm and patronage of the government. We can make the seed bear fruit in three years, which would have taken thirty. How? By remembering that while this social problem is ripening in South Carolina, we may hold our political supremacy over it. We may hold her by our political strength, under such circumstances that we can make these seeds grow as under tropical skies. That is my philosophy. The social elements are to be planted at the South—the school house, books, free speech, Northern capital, Northern emigration, foreign emigration. The nineteenth century is to settle down in the thirteenth in South Carolina. The nineteenth century is to supersede the sixteenth in Arkansas. And while it is doing this, the Federal arm is to be held over these territories long enough to let the experiment get under fine headway. That is the reason why I would not admit the South even into Congress, at present.

I do not say to the South, "Establish impartial suffrage; educate the negro; and give some of them the ballot." I say to them, "Give all of them the ballot, and then educate them;" leaving it to their selfishness to educate them. The reason why I substitute universal suffrage for impartial suffrage is two-fold. It is not a new question. America settled what her suffrage should be forty years ago. She welcomed Irish, German, Dane, Welshman, and her native-born adult American to the suffrage. She settled her policy. It was that manhood was the basis of suffrage. (Applause.) There are lingering exceptions in some States; but they do not affect the American idea, accepted shortly after 1789, that manhood was the basis of suffrage. Go to your stove coal basin, and they will tell you that the Irish rule. "We have got them here by thousands; they cannot read or write, and they rule us." What do they propose to do? Do they propose to ask of Pennsylvania to adopt a limited suffrage? Do they propose to ask the State to exclude the Irish from the ballot-box? No; they would sooner build a school house for a hundred thousand dollars, and put the Irish inside of it. Wealth says: "I must educate the masses, or I am in danger." We have mortgaged the whole property of the basin to educate that population. I want to mortgage the brains of the Wade Hamptons and the Aikens, to educate every negro in the South. In order to do that I must give the whole race suffrage, that they may feel the emergency. I do not want a lever whose fulcrum is a Boston or Philadelphia Freedman's Bureau, where the power is in the North, and the field of operation is in Florida. I want every white man in Florida to become a schoolmaster from his own selfishness.

That is one reason why I am in favor of universal suffrage. The other is this: The moment we put those States back into sovereignty, we give them the right to participate in all national questions. For instance: Shall we have a war upon the Alabama claim? Shall we put our right hand behind Juarez and decide which is the Mexican government or which is not? Shall we discriminate between the Canadian factions, and settle whether they shall gravitate to us or remain with Great Britain? Upon all these questions the hundred thousand men in the upper part of Alabama are to vote, as well as the men in Massachusetts; while every spindle in Middlesex and every iron-master in Pennsylvania will feel the effect of that vote. Every shipping-master on the wharves of New York finds his property 30 per cent. less in value as the result of the vote. Before Alabama throws that vote, shall not New York, and Pennsylvania, and Middlesex have a right to go to the voters of Alabama and say, "Brethren, why do ye this thing?" If they have not that right, what sense is there in trusting Alabama in the partnership? If you trust them, you must be able to reach them through the press. The New York *Tribune* or *Evening Post* must be able to reach those men before they vote. If Alabama and Tennessee say, "We do not choose that they shall read; we will not allow schools; we will place every obstacle against it; we can delay it a generation if we please; we intend to rule by the bayonet, as England does, and not by the school-book as New England does;" of course that keeps them in ignorance. When a newspaper goes to Alabama, it might as well be a cannon ball. Do you suppose we are ready to stop the telegraphic line of intelligence between ourselves and Alabama for all time to come. Shall we enter into any measure which shall authorize the former slaveholders of Alabama to build up a wall betwixt the New York press and the voters? Never. It was the ignorance of the masses that made rebellion at the bidding of a thousand aristocrats, possible. It shall never be so again. (Applause.)

This is the alternative that is presented to us: Either the United States must so far cripple Southern sovereignty as to say, "Hereafter the Federal government shall have the right, if the State does not educate its citizens, to interfere and educate them," or it must keep possession politically of the Southern territory so long that they shall put the education of every man upon so firm a basis, supported by universal suffrage, that no class can ever put it back. One or the other is *an inevitable and indispensable* duty to this dominant and growing idea; and I want to impress it very emphatically upon all who are kind enough to listen to me.

God gives to us a great social problem—to take to pieces the old civilization, and to replace it. We must not be in a hurry. It is the fault of democracy to be in a hurry. This is a slow process; but the work must be done, and we have gained the power and the right to do it. To-day South Carolina is a territory without rights. (Applause.) The United States government may impress upon her what seal they choose, before she is a State. Once let the Constitutional Amendment policy pass, and South Carolina sits down in the Senate and House, and she is a State, and the Federal government can only interfere so far as the constitution allows. Before that takes place we ought to have certain guarantees in the parchment. We don't want Wade Hampton's bond, or Gov. Aiken's word. In the first place, I have no confidence in either. I believe the South is as good a population as any other. I have no particular charge to bring against the Southern States. But I say, from their connection with this government, and from their connection with this race, they have not only shown that they are capable of taking the results of unpaid labor, what we should call stealing, but that they are capable in national matters and in all their relations with this race, of cheating besides. I know this is a hard charge to bring against a nation. I do not bring it socially. I do not bring it individually; but I say that in the relations of the South to this nation and to the negro, it has not only been accustomed to rob but to cheat; and acting upon precedent we have no right to trust to what is called the honor of the South; for it has no record that justifies the trust. (Applause.) I do not want Wade Hampton's present ideas. I want Southern capital, land, school houses, the elements that make society, on my side. When I have got them, I will trust Carolina, and not till then. (Applause.)

Our fathers, in 1789, trusted men and they were cheated. They said, We can so cunningly put the honor of man into the scale that we can afford to distrust the laws of God. They made the Constitution of 1789, which is nothing but a cunning attempt to avoid the penalties of God's law. They tried it. They trusted men to organize the elements. The elements conquered and have placed us where we are. I am not for trusting men in any future emergency. I will trust things. Men talk of forcing Illinois from Massachusetts. You might as well attempt to slice down the Rocky Mountains through the centre. They cohere by the school house, a common lineage, a common language, common books, common associations, common habits of labor, invention, and ingenuity. At ten thousand points they touch, and at every point they adhere. The reason why it was possible to make the South secede from the North, was that they only touched at one point, and that was a sham—*the* parchment of 1789. What we mean to do is to create a society which shall touch our own at many points.

Mr. Peterson asserted that we wished to make everything over into the likeness of New England. Far from it. It would be as monotonous and uninteresting as a street full of drab coats. I detest monotony. I hate a street full of black coats and pipe-stem hats, where men look as if they had all been taken out of one band-box. I like variety; but I would have a general likeness and homogeneousness. That makes nationality. I would have a loyalty to some one central idea, which, as Coleridge said, makes nationality. In England, it was the Stuarts; in France, it is Napoleon; in Russia, it is the Czar; in Hungary, it is the old system of 1300; in America, it is the Constitution. No matter what it is; if men only rally round it, it makes them a nation. The Constitution, representing the Declaration of Independence, the equality of manhood the basis of the State—being the foundation of loyalty, in the North and in the South, the United States must either undertake the labor of planting the seeds from which these elements spring, or of holding the Southern States under some sort of Federal supervision until they are planted and grown.

The process is long, and every long process should be commenced as soon as possible. But it cannot be completed at once. We ought not to undertake to complete social reconstruction instantly. We cannot do it when right ahead of us, an obstacle in our way, a clog on our feet, a bulwark lofty as the Rocky Mountains, is the mobocrat of the White House. (Applause.) There arises a necessity for some measure, I care not what it is, emanating from some other quarter than the Executive. Now I have no revengeful feelings towards the present Executive. If he will only consent to be like Queen Victoria, to reign and not govern, he may be President all his life. What I object to, is his governing. He must be removed, or he must become a figure-head. He can choose between the two.

The newspapers say to-night that he surrenders, that he gives up his policy, and has decided that he will come into accord with Congress. It is too late. (Great applause.) Emerson said once of Webster that he had not a drop of blood in his frame that looked upward. I say that Johnson has not a drop of blood in his frame that looks Northward. It may be his misfortune, and not his fault; but he is not capable of appreciating the North. He has more of the art of the demagogue than of the principle of the patriot. I believe that when impartial history shall unravel the mysterious complexity of the events of 1861, it will be found that it was more likely the desire of leaping into Douglas's saddle, than it was patriotism, that saved Johnson from following Jeff Davis out of the Senate. As Charles Lamb says, "It is a misfortune that a man does not live fifty years after his own time, so that he might know something about it." The Jews have a proverb, "Do not trust a convert until the third generation." I would not trust a Tennessee politician until the fifth generation. If a man lives on madder, his bones will be of the color of madder. Johnson has lived on the chaff of Tennessee politics, and he calls it philosophy and democracy. He does not understand the words. The danger to-day is that he will sham a conversion, and find weak-kneed Republicans to believe in it. (Applause.) Henry Wilson said he found out last January that he was a traitor; but he never told of it until September. If he should be converted to-morrow, it would not take seven days for Henry Wilson to be back in his train. There is the danger. What we have got to preach to the people is: God will judge Andrew Johnson in his own way—it is none of our business; but he has not the mental or moral capacity to lead the North in this struggle. His course has shown it. Let him down gently as possible—on velvet, if you please. Kick him up stairs, as Chesterfield said in the House of Lords. Pension him off as ex-President, with a double salary; only take his hand from the sceptre. Take him away from the helm; because we want this social reorganization commenced under the inspiration of men who believe in it. (Applause.)

Having in view, therefore, the idea that I desire to present to you is, that we must plant these seeds at the South, and shelter them—giving them, if necessary, a hot-house protection. While we are doing it, we must bring the machinery of government into harmony with this purpose. The first thing we have to do, is to get rid of the abnormal action of the Executive. There is no use in being angry or excited. There is no need of calling hard names in judging the President. We can look upon him exactly as a man looks upon a rock in his pathway. He takes his oxen and removes it out of the way. He is simply an obstacle to be got out of the way. (Applause.) The moment he is out of the way, the machine operates in its full perfection. He is only a little pebble in the cog-wheel; every other piece of the machinery is perfect.

When they made a steam engine fifty years ago, they could not fit the parts accurately; but they had to put them together and let them run and wear into harmony. One eminent engineer, after trying two days to make four cog-wheels work together, flung his hammer at them, and said, "Hang it! let them work themselves," and left them. When the Great Eastern was built, they brought from places a hundred miles distant, the various parts and put them together, and the moment steam was let on, it breathed like an infant, without a noise in any part, a living organization of power. Move Johnson out of the way. Don't fling your hammer at him, and say, Let him work himself into government. Bring the newly elected Congress, the babes of last Spring, who have grown up into manhood under the canvass (applause), and say, Here is the government. Let the inspiration come from the loyal North. It is like the electricity from a central battery going all over the telegraph wires. The machine will begin to move anew.

We cannot afford to wait for our citizens on the seaboard. The spindles of Lowell, the ships of New York, and the mines of Pennsylvania long for Southern custom. They say, Give us reconstruction, no matter upon what principle. We want work, as in the old times; give us a market; we care not how you get it. Suppose the President and Seward adopt that policy, and ply this temptation constantly. You cannot get the men of wealth to go to Congress. But a man sodden in vice, and in debt above his ears, is going to Congress. An empty bag cannot stand upright. He wants a hundred thousand dollars, not to save, but to spend in lavish splendor and the luxuries of sensual living; but he owes two hundred thousand instead. A man says to him, There is a million of dollars; you can buy it for five thousand dollars to-day and vote it into a million to-morrow. The President gets up a Mexican war, and calls upon loyal men to support him, and says to this man, Now be a patriot, and be worth a million. The first motive is not worth much, but the million is, and he goes under. Perhaps not, but perhaps he may; and I will not venture this great problem upon a "perhaps." To-day the bankers of New York, looking ahead, say, How shall we get back to gold? How shall we survive that panic? So they are all on the Republican side. They want to keep close behind the government, and have a voice in its policy. Every man that owns a thousand dollar bond, and every man that has a venture in gold, wants to stand right behind the government, and hold on firmly, that he may tide over and lose nothing.

But suppose the South planted in the Senate to-morrow. South Carolina says, Acknowledge part of my debt, and 50 per cent. of the Confederate debt. If you will do that, I will endorse the Northern debt. If you do not do that, I will wage everlasting war with you politically, with Repudiation for my motto. What will Northern creditors say then? When that temptation comes, the man that holds ten millions of the debt will say, The North will never repudiate, in any event. Let me gratify the South, and she will endorse both, and I am safe. If I refuse to gratify the South, she will repudiate, and the national debt is endangered. It is the case of the bad boy who has a good brother. The mother always indulges the bad one, because she says the good one will behave without anything perhaps, and I know the other will not. Thus finance shifts from our scale into the South. Then behind Johnson, and the Democratic party, and the Southern intriguer, range the holders of two thousand millions of dollars. We lose that great fulcrum and sheet-anchor, the capital of the country.

That is one of the dangers of letting the South inside of the Capitol. Whatever way you look at it, there is no safety but in the use of all the powers that the war has given. I would never give back State sovereignty, as the States have had it—never. Our fathers tried to limit State sovereignty. They said to the States, You shall not coin money; you shall not naturalize citizens; you shall not proclaim war. They thought that with this limitation, the machine would go; but it would not. Now let us grapple the question again, and say still further, You shall not make or unmake a citizen. The Federal government shall say who is a citizen and who is not. Further than that, the Federal government shall follow, and if necessary supplement the inactivity of a State, if it does not educate its citizens. We live in the upper part of a tower. Hitherto the Federal government has been content to let the States take care of the foundation. One fine morning the Southern corner gives way, and there is an immense gap in the wall. I hold that the Federal government cannot safely confine itself to the attic, but is bound to take care of the foundation. The foundations of our government are citizenship, and the education of the citizen, in order that the government may be able to appeal to the citizen. I would never give back sovereignty to the States, so as to enable them again to keep their citizens in ignorance.

Again, I would not only impeach the President, but I would go further and say that if one half of what the Republican press has said of the President for the last seven months is true, none but an insane man would trust him with the revenue of the government. None but an insane man would trust him with the patronage of the government, or with the army of the government. Mr. Wilson, Judge Kelley, and Ben. Wade, say that the tenant of the White House is an unredeemed comrade and tool of the rebels. Yet what have they done? Adjourned in the month of June and left him alone to run the government, and he has $250,000,000 in gold in his right hand to-day! He can shake the markets of the world by a word. He can, at any moment he may choose, try the policy of Napoleon. Yet they left him there! One of two things is true. Either they did not believe what they said, or they acted like lunatics. (Applause.) If they really believed their assertions, they betrayed their post.

Suppose Gen. Grant had proclaimed, as he sat at his headquarters in Washington, when Sherman began his magnificent sweep across the Southern territory: Sherman is a traitor; at the first opportunity he will surrender that army to Johnson. I know him, heart and soul; and his heart and soul are upon the other side. And suppose he had then sent Sherman down to sweep all through that territory up to Atlanta. Should we have thought Grant an honest man and a competent leader? Yet Congress assembles and says, We do not know whether Johnson will ever let us meet again, and they adjourn and leave him uncounted millions, and an army and a navy, and a patronage almost unlimited. Suppose he had surrendered, like Buchanan, and given his soul to Jeff. Davis; with whom should we have found fault? We should have said to the vigilant sentinels whom we placed upon the outposts as the vanguards of liberty, What did you go home for? Washington was very hot—was it? Well, Gettysburg was hotter. So was Bull Run; but they did not go home; they fought it through. (Applause.)

It is the duty of Congress not only to impeach the President but to remove him; or if they cannot remove him, to appoint a commission to manage the treasury, and stop the supplies. You see, fellow-citizens, I fully believe in my cause. I believe in war. I am no non-combatant, like the editor of the *Tribune*, with a flag of truce flying at the top of my fort. I do not propose to surrender until I am whipped. I do not propose to disbelieve the strength of my own arm, or the justice of my own cause. I believe it is necessary to make a homogeneous nation, in order to save it. In order to be certain of making it. I would exhaust the constitutional arsenal of weapons: first, impeachment; then removal; then stopping the supplies; and if that cannot be done, appoint a commission.

Men say, there are no precedents. Webster said, There are no Sundays in revolution. We do not want precedents; we make laws for such occasions. What the events teach us to be necessary, is the law. When a starving Confederate came to a Jewish friend of mine to ask for alms, he asked, "What have you been doing during the war?" "I have been fighting for the Confederates. I have not eaten for two days; I am starving." "You are the very man to starve. It is the medicine you would have given me. I commend it to you." The man was not a Christian; he was a Jew; but I contend that what he said, as symbolic of policy, was common sense. This was a struggle between two ideas. South Carolina would have made Pennsylvania and Massachusetts over rigidly into her likeness, if she had conquered. She would have called the roll of her slaves on Bunker Hill. I propose to read my proclamation of liberty under the Palmetto flag. (Applause.) Massachusetts has begun, by nailing two colored men's names to her top gallant mast (applause), as an indication of the principle under which she fights; not as a vain boast, but as an indication and symbol of the civilization which she represents. It is worth a struggle. The value of this nation is so great that we may properly and fitly exhaust the Constitution in order to defend it.

I say therefore to Congress, which is now about to assemble, Throw your chart of reconstruction out of one window; throw the swindling amendments out of another; remove the President; take possession of the supplies; and run the machine. (Applause.) That is my statesmanship. The moment I have got South Carolina into such a shape that she can be trusted to go alone, she may have all sorts of privileges, I will conciliate her by being just as kind as is good for her and safe for me, and no more. (Applause.)

When that is done, peace comes. It is not proclaimed; it comes of itself. It is not made, nor recorded, nor put into the almanac—it grows. It cannot be helped. Courts do not announce it. Presidents cannot forward it. Intrigues cannot harm it. It exists in the nature of things. There is nothing else that will make a peace.

My friends, we meet here under the auspices of the Anti-Slavery Society, a city set on a hill. It has not many good things. It has not earned reputation. It has earned nothing but this, that the eyes of the people are fixed constantly upon it. First, they thought it a nuisance, then a lunacy, then a mistake, then a monster. When the war came, they thought it had all melted away, that all alike were Abolitionists, all loyal men, without distinction. Then practical statesmanship went down to Tennessee, and brought us where we are. Then we found that we were not all Abolitionists. In Pennsylvania 290,000 men voted with the Baltimore mob, said Memphis was all right, and Fort Pillow the climax of civilization, and Andersonville a commentary upon the Sermon on the Mount; that Jeff Davis was a Washington, occupying a seat in the galaxy of great men. In New York, 350,000 men voted the same way.

In this state of things, the Anti-Slavery Society said, There is room yet for us. They have uttered their protest, and mean to direct the Republican party up to the radicalism of its own ranks. (Applause.) Radicalism runs all through the party, permeating it like errant drops of bright quicksilver, shining wherever it goes. The Anti-Slavery party as an organization, by its thirty years labor has overcome the violence of the mob, the censure of the church, the hate of the politician, the slander of the *Tribune;* and so it has built up brick after brick, until it has reached its present position. Here we stand. The world asks, What do you say now? And we reply "Topple the President over. Put truth and justice at the helm. Give the North its proper predominance. Nail up the doors against the possibility of Southern intrusion, and make the machine run at the bidding of God's laws until they work out their full result. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. Purvis)—In these aninfating and hopeful signs of the times, when everything round about us indicates the completion of our work in the triumph of the principles of freedom and of justice, it is fitting that the earlier and devoted advocates of our cause should be heard. I have the pleasure, therefore, of introducing to you the Hon. Henry B. Stanton. (Applause.)

[Mr. Stanton's speech will appear next week.]

WILLIAM W. BROOM spoke in favor of universal suffrage. He said the Republicanism of the Old World depended upon the success of universal suffrage here.

Gen. MUZZEY—while he had not always agreed with the judgment of the Abolitionists, desired to express his thankfulness to them for the perseverance with which they had continued their work.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON and KITTREDGE sang "Is that you, Andy," after which the audience united with them in singing "Old Hundred."

The "John Brown" song being called for, Mr. ALFRED H. LOVE remarked that on the day when the old martyr went to his long home, at 12 o'clock, there was a meeting in this Hall, presided over by Mr. Purvis, our present chairman; and he thought it fitting that the exercises of this Anniversary should close by singing this song to his memory.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON and KITTREDGE united with the audience; *and the exercises were concluded by* singing

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

TENNYSON has joined the defenders of ex-Gov. Eyre, and has sent a subscription to the fund for his defence. This is the fourth great literary name

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Not yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen;
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!

The smooth, soft air, with pulse-like waves,
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with Nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But, warmed with that unchanging flame,
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how you beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark, how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will:
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and cluttering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow, glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

THE MASTODON REMAINS AT COHOES.

Professor Hall, in a letter to the Albany *Argus*, gives the following account of the remains of the great Mastodon recently discovered at Cohoes:

The discoveries of these remains have been made in the progress of excavation for the foundation of a new building of six hundred feet in length, for the Harmony Mills Company. The excavation has been made mainly in the shoals of the Hudson River group; and almost from the beginning has developed a series of "Potholes," of greater or less extent, worn by the ancient river, almost the entire extent of the building.

My attention was called to these interesting phenomena about the 20th of September, by Mr. Youngiove, the agent of the Company; but being necessarily absent from [illegible] at the time, visit the place. The lower jaw-bone, with a single bone of the foot, was found about the 27th of September, and the Hon. A. S. Johnson, Regent of the University, and member of the Committee on the State Cabinet of Natural History, immediately visited the spot, thus manifesting his interest in the remarkable discovery.

Returning home on the morning of the 29th of September I found a note from Judge Johnson apprising me of this discovery, and requesting me to go there, which I did on the same day, in company with Dr. Woolworth, the Secretary of the Board of Regents; and it was while making examinations in the peaty accumulations, that this gentleman discovered sticks of beaver-gnawed wood, adding a new feature of interest in connection with the deposit. Hon. John V. L. Pruyn, Chancellor of the Regents, and Dr. Woolworth called upon Mr. Wild, the President of the Company, residing in Albany, expressing their interest in the matter, and their desire that the remains should be preserved in the State Geological Museum.

On Monday, Oct. 1, I visited the place again; but excavation had been stopped on the line of foundation, and arches had been or were being thrown across the potholes, resting at their bases on the slate. Subsequently, however, it became necessary to excavate along a line about twenty-five feet deep, within the south wall of the building, for the foundation of a line of pillars. This line was nearly across the centre of the deepest depression of pothole, and being filled with peaty matter and the ancient river ooze, the work progressed slowly from the frequent sliding of the adjacent matter into the trench, and finally the entire excavation was essentially cleared out, except on the south side.

During the progress of the excavation, I visited the place several times; as I anticipated, and also predicted, that the other parts of the skeleton would be found in the deeper depression. When unable to be present myself, I sent an assistant to the place, and Mr. Whitfield made measurements and took notes of the progress of the work, and of other facts of interest, and at the same time I made, and employed others to make, collections of the wood, cones, etc., found in this interesting locality.

After repeated visits, we had the satisfaction of being present when, on Friday afternoon, November 2, a considerable portion of the skeleton was uncovered, and both Mr. Whitfield and myself made observations on the position and relations of the bones as they lay in the bottom of the cavity. While we were present, the thigh bones were removed, when the pump gave out, and the water accumulated so fast that nothing more could be done at that time. On the next day, a few more bones were removed, and on the Monday following, the cranium and upper jaw, the tusks, fourteen of the ribs, many vertebræ, a part of the pelvis, etc.

When apprised of the discoveries of Friday evening, Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, Hon. A. S. Johnson and Dr. S. Woolworth, manifested their interest in the matter by visiting the place, and examining the bones. Some of the bones had been removed before we arrived; after that time a platform was constructed, and lowered by a tackle, and the cranium was lifted carefully upon it and brought up. The leg-bones, pelvis, vertebræ, etc., followed in the same manner, until every bone was safely deposited in the office of the Company. A few separated smaller bones were afterwards found, and placed with the others. On the succeeding days of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the place was visited by myself or others, in the interest of the State Geological Museum.

The bones were properly regarded as the property of the Harmony Mills Company. I considered it my duty, in the interest of science, to watch the work of excavation and ascertain all the facts of interest, and assist in bringing out the bones with proper care. Mr. Johnson, Mr. Wild, and officers of the Company gave every facility, and manifested a great interest in the discovery and preservation of the remains, and in all we were cheerfully aided by the Superintendent, Mr. Houlihan, and the men under his charge, as well as by Mr. McElwain and Mr. Safely, citizens of Cohoes.

It was my duty, as it has been my pleasure, to urge that the Mastodon should be placed in the State Geological Museum at Albany. This institution is the result of the geological survey of the State, which, in its publications and its Museum, has laid the foundation of geological science in America. It is an institution in which every citizen of the State should feel a pride, and to which every one should be glad to contribute whatever may tend to its increase of perfection. These collections are always open to the public, and they are seen and examined by thousands of our citizens and the citizens of other States every year. They are doing the work of quietly educating, if not to science, at least to an appreciation of scientific results, in every department of natural science.

SENSE OF TOUCH, PAIN, AND TEMPERATURE.

The perception of temperature and pain appears to be different in character from that of the ordinary impressions made upon the organs of touch. Pain is not merely an exaggeration of the touch. Our perceptions become imperfect just in proportion as the impressions are painful in their character. The mere touch of the blade of a knife may be distinctly and correctly perceived, but when the skin is cut there is no longer a perception of the knife, but a sensation of pain only. Intensely hot and intensely cold substances are not perceived to be different, but both are similarly painful. M. Beau has given numerous facts to prove that sensibility to pain may be utterly abolished while common sensibility still remains. The surgeon, in operating upon partially etherized persons, has not unfrequently noticed this; the patient remaining perfectly conscious, seeing or feeling the knife or other instruments, but not suffering from the application of them. Weber found by experiment that the sense of temperature is more acute in the left hand than in the right, while the sense of touch is undoubtedly most acute in the latter. If the two hands, previously of the same temperature, be plunged into separate basins of water, that in which the left hand is plunged will be felt as the warmer, even though its temperature is somewhat lower than that of the other.

Dr. Spring, in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* for April, has recorded the history of an interesting case which gives support to the above views. A woman aged sixty, after exposure to cold partially lost the sensibility of the right half of the body, including the head, though there was no loss of motion. On the paralyzed side she became insensible to pain and to the effects of a change of temperature, while ordinary tactile impressions were perceived as usual. She could feel the slightest touch on the affected side, and when the eyes were closed could, through the aid of touch, pick up a pin from the floor. Impressions of weight and contact could be accurately perceived; the hand resting on the table, if a given weight were placed on the palm, the removal of a small portion of it was at once noticed, with no other indication than that coming through the sense of touch. Yet, while washing her hands, though she distinctly felt the water flowing over the paralyzed one, she could not tell, from the impression made upon it, whether the water was hot or cold. Neither the pricking of pins nor pinching was perceived in the slightest degree, and when standing before the fire she was incapable of feeling warmth on the right half of her body.

GONDOLIERS' SONG—1866.

Venice, our Mother! unbound to the Sea
(Waiting so faithfully long at thy door),
Proudly we gather our prows at thy knee,
Borne on the breast of our Father, so hoar,
Unsworded of all but our oar!

Chorus—*Sui di lungo!* * Make way before!
Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
Shadows of braver years,
Hopeful for more,
Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!

Fewer are we, since they fettered thy hands;
Sweeping to free thee, our best are no more:
Close to thy feet lie their hearts in the sands;
But their old gonfalons wave from the shore,
And thrilled are our arms at the oar.

Lean are thy palaces, leaner thy purse—
Passed from thy waters the glitter they wore;
Noble and counsellor palsied to curse,
Leave to thy workmen the buckler they bore,
Thy sailors the blade of the oar.

Doges and Admirals, carved in white
Impotent horses and Lions of lore,
Look where the campanile leans on the light,
Saying, "The people alone we implore,"
Again shake the world with the oar!

"Long we denied them at counsel and feast:
Lo! how their mother they rise to restore!
Truer than dungeon, or relic, or priest,
Louder and grander than cannon their roar,
The pulse of the world in their oar!

Landsmen and seamen, our brethren of Work
Answer us, gondoliers, back from the shore:
Not in the conquest of Saxon or Turk,
Not from the Genoese, nor from the Moor,
Shall glory be won for the oar!

Man we our galleys with Freedom and Toil,
Write on our banners from Ind to Azore:
"Tyranny, ignorance, these be our spoil;
Art and Humanity, these be our store!"
And this be the song of the oar.

Chorus—*Sui di lungo!* Make way before!
Bend to the oar! Bend to the oar!
Shadows of braver years,
Hopeful for more,
Gravely we gondoliers bend to the oar!

Venice, October 19.

* *Sui di lungo!* (Go straight ahead!) the cry of gondoliers, to indicate direction.

The Chalets of the Alps.—Those who have not in person visited the Châlets can form but little idea of the primitive simplicity with which these rude dwellings are built. In some places they are merely made of large stones piled on one another, with a sloping roof, and surrounded by a narrow gutter to carry off the rain; others, when situated within reach of the forests, are built of rough logs of wood, placed across each other, the interstices being filled with moss and dried leaves; those are better than the stone huts, as they are much warmer and retain less damp. The whole building is about 20 ft. by 14 ft., and divided by a slight wooden partition, the larger portion being used as a cowshed. Above this apartment, and under the slanting roof, is the place where the hay is stored, and which forms the shepherd's sleeping chamber. The remainder, a space of about 14 ft. by 6 ft. is reserved for kitchen and parlor, and is not unfrequently shared by one or two favorite goats, or even a pig. This part is open to the roof, and through a trap-door, kept open by means of a long fir-pole, the smoke finds exit, chimneys not being in vogue. It has also another slight partition or screen across on the corner, which is appropriated as pantry or larder.

There being no window, daylight is admitted through the door, which is kept open for that purpose. The floor is of stone, or rather a mixture of earth, rock, and stone; and there is no fireplace, a fire being made when required, on the ground in a corner. Its furniture consists of a wooden bench or settle, and perhaps a large stone boulder, which serves as a table or seat, as may be required. The kitchen utensils comprise two or three porringers, a kettle, and a few wooden spoons, besides two milking-pails. Above the hearth, which is formed of stones, is suspended a little wooden crane that turns on a pivot, upon which is hung the great copper cauldron that the king of the herd brought up in triumph on his head from the village below, and in which the milk is scalded preparatory to making it into butter and cheese. There is no lack of ventillation in the dwelling; for around, above and between the bare rafters which form the walls the wind and cold air from the glaciers above whistle freely, though this is in a measure tempered by the warm and fragrant breath of the cows, which are closely packed every night within the hut.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Candy Adulterations.—Our new health espionage is bringing to light some queer things. The common candies and confectioneries of commerce are not altogether toothsome nor wholesome, if recent investigations are to be believed.

The adulteration of sugar candies and spices is a trade largely and regularly carried on in this city. Instead of plaster, which till lately entered so largely into the manufacture of confectionery, in place of sugar, a new article has been discovered, called *Terra alba*, or white earth. It comes from Ireland, and costs by the barrel about 1½ cents per pound, while loaf sugar costs about 17 cents. The bodies of candies, the coating of almonds and lozenges, are made from this earthy material. It is whiter than plaster and is very much used in the adulteration of flour sold in this market. A glue, paint and oil manufacturer of New York has sent round his annual circular, which I have seen, to the principal confectioners, calling attention to a fresh arrival of this white earth. I have seen an ounce of lozenges dissolved in water, in which two-thirds of an ounce was of Terra alba, and not a particle of sugar in the lot.

The common method of flavoring candies, almonds, sugar, plums, etc., is with deleterious substances. The pineapple flavor, the banana and the peach are made from fusel-oils, which are very poisonous. Bitter almond flavor is made from prusic acid unadulterated. Pineapple flavor is also obtained from rotten cheese, very rotten, and nitric acid.

Gum arabic for pure gum drops is costly. An article has been invented of the most beautiful appearance, that is used instead of the gum. It is very cheap and very poisonous.

In pure candy cochineal is used to color red, and saffron for the yellow. But in the common candies poisonous coloring is put, the same that is used to color wines and liquors. One of the most common is called "carlot," into which arsenic largely enters. A few grains of the substance will color a cask of wine. Licorice drops for the "trade" are made of poor brown sugar, glue and lamp-black, flavored with licorice. And for the Western trade much of this vile stuff is packed in barrels and sent West to be put up in boxes to suit the market, of which from 75 to 90 per cent. is Terra alba. This material enters largely into the common chocolate and spices. Much of the cream of tartar used for bread is made of Terra alba and tartaric acid.—*Boston Journal.*

THE GLADIATOR.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Beside the Tiber on a certain day,
A swarthy plebian took his gloomy way;
Wise in low cunning—dexterous at dice,
And skilled in every infamous device;
A brawny Hercules, whom all men feared,
And even when he cheated loudly cheered,
With corrugated forehead, like the bull,
Shouldering his weighty way (the street was full),
Strode to the Coliseum, and the crowd
Applauded as he entered, long and loud.
"The gladiator in the arena died"—
So history says, but lying history lied.
For, mad with blood, the multitudinous throng
Leaped into the ring and on their shoulders strong,
Forgetting that they bore a brainless load,
Uplifted him and through the roaring road
Conveyed him to the forum—even where
Great Nero sat, and placed him by his chair.
A mass of knotted muscle, gnarled face,
Among the council sat this Dire Disgrace,
A growling heap where Cicero shone before—
Alas, where such as he shall shine no more—
And thrust his huge fist in the scale to weigh
The fate of nations. Is it so to-day?

Life in the House of Commons.—"Love," says Sir Walter Scott, "rules the court, the camp, the grove." There are times, too frequent, when drink rules even the House of Commons. The *Illustrated Times* of June 23d, in its "Inner Life of the House of Commons," sketching the proceedings on the night which decided the success of Lord Dunkellin's motion, said:

"At the close of the Chancellor's speech the members paired and went to dinner. The order of the night was, 'You may go to Admiral Rous's dinner, but you must return at eleven to push on the division, and then you will get away in time for Lady So-and-So's ball'—some grand ball afoot that night; and at eleven the House filled again, and the young swells of the two parties began at once to obey their instructions; they had dined and had wined, and were fully primed for the work they had to do, and, clustering at the bar they assailed indiscriminately everyone, friend or foe, that rose to speak. Mr. Bernal Osborne is generally listened to, because he makes us laugh, you know; but on this occasion he evoked no laughter, but only groans and other discordant cries. Mr. Cowan, the new member for Newcastle, wanted to address the House; but, new member though he is, he was at once put down. Mr. Villiers is a Cabinet Minister, and a man held in universal respect; but he met with the same reception. He, however, has long been in Parliament; is made of tough materials; is, moreover, indomitably courageous; and in spite of the storm, he made himself heard in the Reporters Gallery, if nowhere else. Lord Dunkellin, who rose to reply, got a tolerably patient hearing as everybody was anxious to know whether he would press his amendment; and so did the Chancellor of the Exchequer at first, because it was expected that he would make some revelation; but when it was found that he had nothing more to say than he had said, he, too, was assailed almost as fiercely as the others, though the cries of his assailants were drowned by the cheering of his friends."

The Birds.—Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, gives an account of Mr. Fox of Tregedna, near Falmouth, England, who, by persevering kindness, has won the affection of a large number of birds—so much so that they fly to meet him when he calls them, and chirp about him, eating the crumbs, with which his pockets are well filled. When digging in the garden, it is no uncommon sight see little birds hopping on the handle of the spade or rake used by the gentleman, thus showing their confidence. Sometimes they enter his bedroom early in the morning through the window, and, in their way, call out, "It is time to get up."

On Sunday, when Mr. Fox goes to his place of worship, some of the birds are frequently seen to accompany him along the road, chirping and singing all the way.

Mr. Burritt calls Mr. Fox the "Rarey of the bird world."

Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., has given us a very pleasing confirmation of Mr. Burritt's testimony. He says; "When visiting Mr. Fox, I was perfectly astonished, on walking out into the garden, to see on his sounding a whistle, the birds came fluttering round him. One robin was actually so tame it picked a piece of bread out of Mr. Fox's mouth!"

A writer in the London *Star* thus poetically "pitches into" Tennyson for joining with Carlyle, Ruskin and Kingsley in taking under the protection of their great names the infamous Gov. Eyre, the author of the Jamaica massacre:

I know you, bard of Clara Vere:
I know you never read a word
Of aught that Maule and Gurney wrote,
But swallowed all that Kingsley poured.
Dear poet, this will never do,
A few dull swells you may thus please;
But would you live in England's heart,
You must not play such pranks as these.

Bard of Clara Vere de Vere,
If money weighs upon your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate—
Are there no poor about your lands?
Subscribe to teach the boy to read,
Subscribe to teach the girl to sew,
Obey your own true heart and mind,
And let the foolish Kingsley go.

English Courtesy to Reporters.—In this country, men who are ambitious to be considered in good position often seem to take pains to demonstrate it by snubbing, or in some other way misusing a newspaper reporter. The latter generally has no redress. In England the case is different. When Mr. Disraeli was speaking at the late Derby banquet, a reporter sitting behind him missed a sentence; and somewhat audibly expressed his annoyance. Mr. Disraeli overheard him; and immediately, seeming to hesitate, repeated the words; only the reporter knowing why he did so. Lord Stanley often shows similar regard for members of the press. A short time since, a reporter wishing some information in regard to a speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, addressed him a hurried note on the subject. The next day the Chancellor called upon him and gave him the desired information.

A Dissipated Kite.—Every one who has been in this highly favored and now-a-days much abused country, knows what impudent birds are the kites that frequent every barrack and bungalow in India. I have often seen this bird do "cheeky" things when in search of food, but I never knew of its having a *penchant* for tobacco, till the other day. I was walking through the barracks with a brother officer, a few morning's ago, enjoying my morning cheroot, which was about an inch and a half long, when one of these birds swooped down and took it out of my mouth so quickly that I hardly saw him, and so neatly that, though nature has given me an abundant share of hair on my face, it did not disturb either my moustache, beard or whiskers; nor did I feel anything more than a slight touch of one of its wings on my face.—*G. F. Gildee, in Field.*

In France three hundred and fifty political papers are published, of which sixty-three are printed in Paris, and two hundred and sixty-seven in the departments. Seven hundred and three non-political papers are daily printed in the metropolis, and six hundred and four in the departments, besides the political organs above enumerated.

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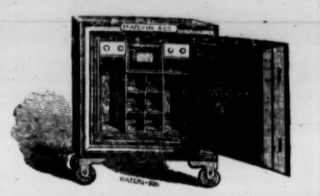

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From the New York Daily Tribune, Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1864.

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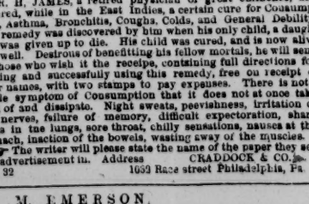

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